MAY 6, 1961. VOL. CCXLV. No. 3179. TWO SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE

THE SPHERE

McVITIE & PRICE

Makers of Finest Quality Biscuits

EDINBURGH · LONDON · MANCHESTER

Spring into Summer
at Fortnum's

Fortnum & Mason

181 Piccadilly, London, W.1. REGent 8040

OPTREX

THE EYE LOTION

TAKES THE STRAIN OUT OF MODERN LIVING

Weathergay *Coats and jackets for every season of the year*

Perfectly Simple...
Simply Invaluable!

BRITISH SEAGULL

"The best Outboard Motor for the World"

THE BRITISH SEAGULL COMPANY LIMITED, FLEETS BRIDGE, POOLE, DORSET. Tel. POOLE 1651

DAVIES INVESTMENTS LIMITED

PRIVATE BANKERS

Gross assets exceed £2,500,000

continue to pay

7½% per annum

interest on deposits for the **eighth** year in succession, with ½% added annually on each £500 unit.

Details and Audited Balance Sheet from

INVESTMENT DEPT. SRE., DAVIES INVESTMENTS LTD.
DANES INN HOUSE, 265 STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2

The liqueur you prefer *to be offered*

Drambuie

THE DRAMBUIE LIQUEUR CO LTD YORK PLACE EDINBURGH

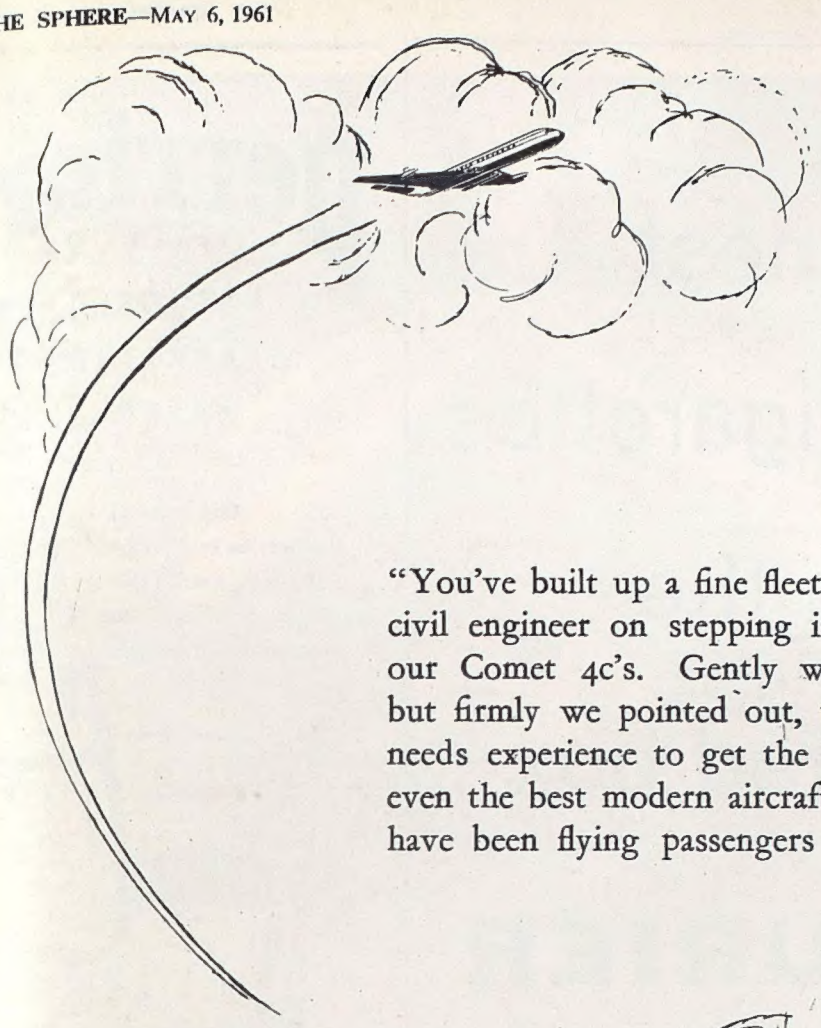
Duff Gordon Sherry EL CÍD PRODUCE OF SPAIN *Light Amontillado*

PUBLISHING OFFICE: INGRAM HOUSE, 13-15, JOHN ADAM STREET, LONDON, W.C.2

Registered as a Newspaper for Transmission in the United Kingdom

FOR POSTAGE RATES SEE FRONTISPIECE PRICE 2/6

The secret of a 'dry martini'



Tales from an Arabian Flight Deck...

"You've built up a fine fleet!" said the civil engineer on stepping into one of our Comet 4c's. Gently we agreed—but firmly we pointed out, too, that it needs experience to get the best out of even the best modern aircraft. U.A.A. have been flying passengers with quiet efficiency—and Arab hospitality—for 28 years over three continents. Our engineer friend was astounded. "We must meet again," he said. And we do—on our regular flights from London to ***Zurich, Geneva, Frankfurt, Rome and Cairo,*** with connections to all the Middle East.

We started regular Comet 4c flights to Athens on May 1st

UAA

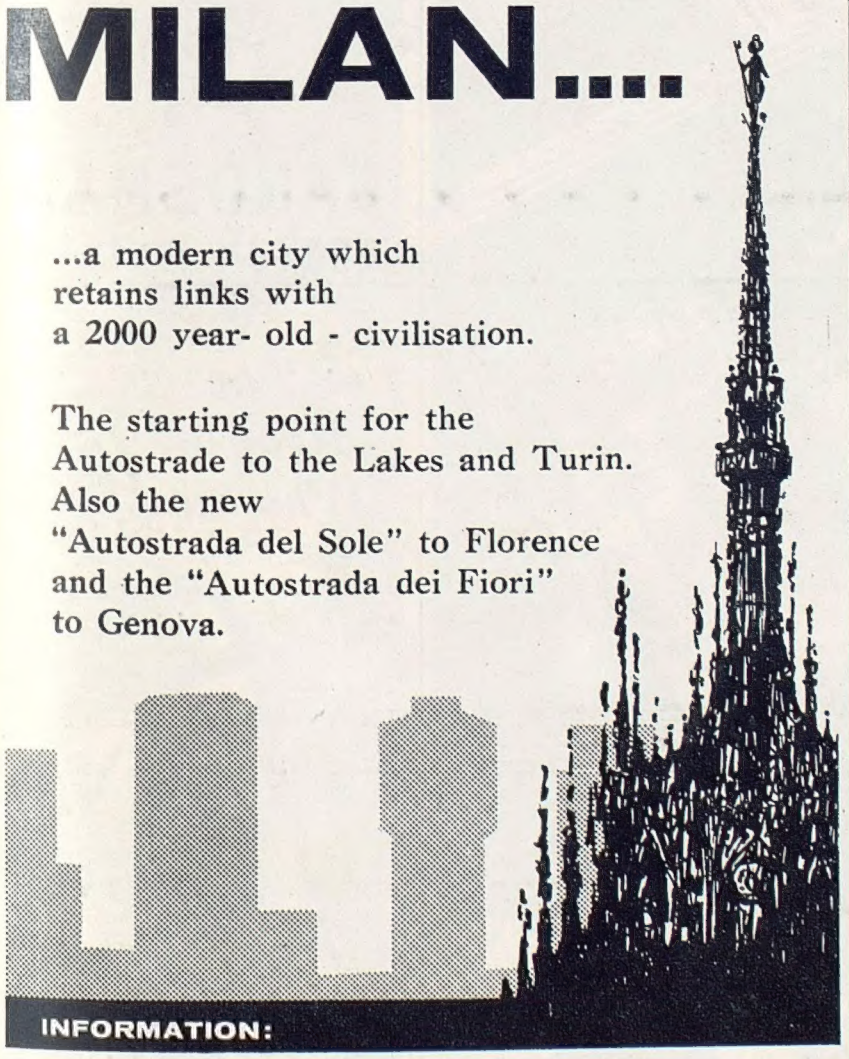
UNITED ARAB AIRLINES

Consult your travel agent or get in touch with
UAA BOOKING OFFICE. 31 PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1. REGENT 2395-6-7.

MILAN....

...a modern city which
retains links with
a 2000 year- old - civilisation.

The starting point for the
Autostrade to the Lakes and Turin.
Also the new
"Autostrada del Sole" to Florence
and the "Autostrada dei Fiori"
to Genova.



INFORMATION:

Italian State Tourist Office (E.N.I.T.) 201 Regent Street London W.1.
Ente Provinciale per il Turismo, Via Caserotte 3, Milan, and all Travel Agencies.

The finest shirts in the world

Summit shirts by Austin Reed. We design and cut them ourselves. With sixty years' experience in shirtmaking, and only our own shops to supply, we can afford to create the shirts which set fashion. And to provide an unrivalled choice of shirtings, styles and sizes. Most Summit shirts are at three modest prices: **39/6, 44/6, 49/6.**

SUMMIT **shirts**

by **AUSTIN REED** *of Regent Street*

LONDON AND PRINCIPAL CITIES

519

REORIENTATE

PAY LESS FOR THE WORLD'S GREAT HOLIDAY IN '61—IT'S 'VISIT INDIA YEAR'

INDIA '61 means luxury air travel at new low costs. On domestic air routes linking 70 great cities, the Indian Airline Corporation with a flying record of twenty million reliable aircraft miles per year offers a 5% concession on selected tours.

INDIA '61 means air-conditioned rail travel at new low costs. Indian Railways, one of the world's largest efficient networks, offers a 25% rebate. Also, combined travel-as-you-like tickets for thirty days carry a lump-sum concession. The cost of travel in India ranks among the world's cheapest.

INDIA '61 means superb food and accommodation at new low costs. The Federation of Hotels and Restaurants of India offer 5% concessions on normal rates. In India, hotels compare favourably with the world's best in luxury. Many more tourist bungalows and converted palaces are now available. In India the best food (Oriental and European) is inexpensive.

INDIA '61 means big game hunting at new low costs. The Shikar Outfitters' Association offer a 5% concession on schedule rates.

INDIA '61 means front row seats for national festivals. All State Governments and cultural academies will co-operate to ensure this.

MAKE IT

INDIA '61

ten thousand images

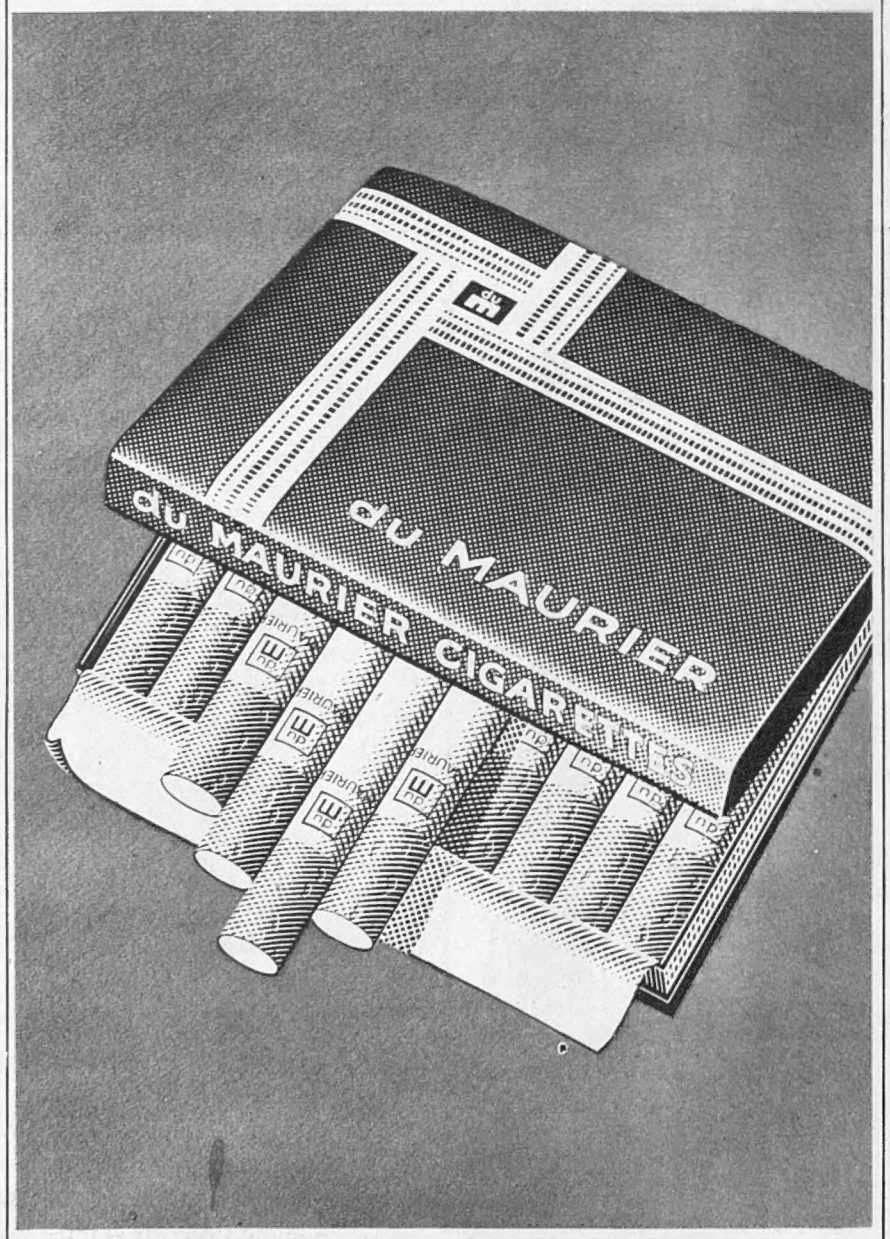
Ask your travel agent about 'Visit India Year' or contact the India Government Tourist Office,

28 Cockspur Street,
London, S.W.1
Tel: TRAfalgar 1717

4 GIS 6263

the finest filter tip cigarettes are in the famous red box

du MAURIER

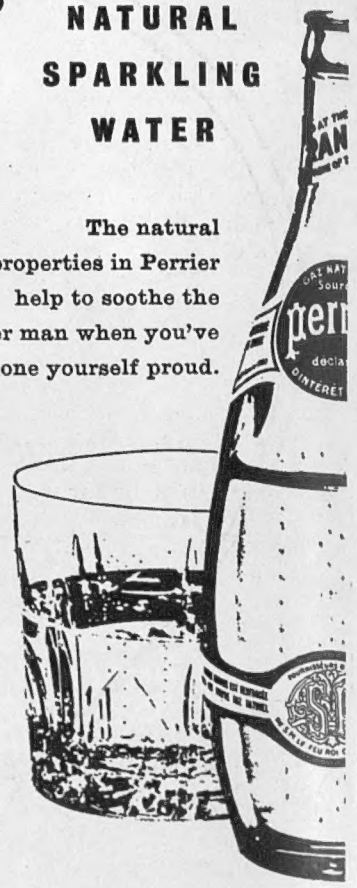


Twenty exceptional Virginia Cigarettes
for 4/1

Perrier

NATURAL SPARKLING WATER

The natural properties in Perrier help to soothe the inner man when you've done yourself proud.



Perrier makes you sparkle

EST 1790

(REGISTERED TRADE MARK)

SANDEMAN SCOTCH WHISKY

The King of Whiskies

SANDEMAN & SONS LTD., EDINBURGH

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

Volume CCXLV No. 3179

THE SPHERE

LONDON, May 6, 1961

© 1961. Illustrated Newspapers Ltd. *All Rights Reserved*

With which are incorporated *The Graphic* and *Black & White*

NEW CRISIS IN CONGO

President Tshombe, of the separatist Province of Katanga, became the central figure in a highly inflammable situation in Congo in the middle of last week. At the meeting of Congolese political leaders in Coquilhatville, Equator Province, he delivered a bitter speech against President Kasavubu, Head of the Central Congolese Government, for his recent agreement with the United Nations. Mr. Tshombe then walked out of the conference, intending to fly back to his own capital, Elisabethville. At Coquilhatville airport, he and his Foreign Minister, Mr. Kimba, were arrested by Congolese troops. Twenty-four hours later they were still being held under guard. In Katanga there was reported to be great anxiety and the Katanga Government sent an urgent message to President Kasavubu and General Mobutu, his military chief, asking for information about Mr. Tshombe. Fears were being expressed in Elisabethville that he might suffer the fate of Mr. Lumumba and be murdered by his captors. The U.N. force of Ethiopians in Coquilhatville was stated to be watching developments. (See also News Summary on following page)

Postage: Inland, 4d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 4½d.

NEWS SUMMARY

World tension over Laos; strikes in Britain; Mr. Tshombe remains in custody; new moves in Anglo-Iraq oil negotiations; partition in West Africa

INTERNATIONAL

The annual May Day parade in **Moscow** was televised direct to Western Europe for the first time. Londoners over their breakfasts on Monday were able to watch Marshal Malinovsky, the Soviet Defence Minister, make a typically truculent and aggressive speech from the saluting base in Red Square.

While Russians were hearing about "Imperialist war preparations" and then spending the rest of the day as a holiday, there was intense activity in **Washington** regarding the Laos situation. President Kennedy had cut short a week-end in Virginia and summoned a meeting of the National Security Council, which is attended by all the political, diplomatic and defence chiefs. An airlift of 6,000 troops, part of the strategic reserve, to fly to Germany for an exercise was cancelled. In **Bangkok,** the Council of Representatives of the South East Asia Treaty Organisation was meeting, also to discuss Laos. In that country itself, argument continued between the two sides about where cease-fire talks, called for by Britain and Russia, should be held. Meanwhile the pro-Communist Pathet Lao continued to consolidate their military positions in some vital areas. If no agreement was reached on the Armistice venue within two or three days, it was anticipated that the United States might increase aid to Thailand and South Vietnam, the two countries most threatened by a Communist-dominated Laos. But, after the Cuban debacle, it was not generally anticipated that President Kennedy would intervene militarily in Laos.

Mr. J. Coughlan, leader of the dockers at the West India Dock, addresses the mass meeting at Tower Hill, London

GREAT BRITAIN

Talks were renewed this week in **London** between British and French delegations on the European Common Market and the European Free Trade area. These followed similar Anglo-German talks in **Bonn** last week. Mr. Reginald Maudling, President of the Board of Trade, strongly denied reports published last weekend that Britain had definitely decided to join the Common Market. He was speaking at the annual rally of Hertfordshire Young Conservatives at **Borehamwood.** The reports said that the British move was announced during private talks between British and other delegations at the Council of Europe Assembly meetings in **Strasbourg.** Mr. Maudling said that because the problem of Britain's closest possible association with the European Common Market was so important, "it is receiving much attention at present in the press. Because it is so involved many of the reports that are circulating are understandably inaccurate."

Over 13,000 dockers in London were on strike by last weekend and last Monday sixty-nine ships were held up on the Thames. At a mass meeting on Tower Hill last Sunday the union leaders won support for a conditional return to work provided there was an inquiry by the National Dock Labour Board into the dispute and provided the firm involved was suspended until after the inquiry. The strike started over the use of workers other than dockers to unload barges at Lower Oliver's Wharf, **Wapping.**

Last weekend at Ford's plant at **Dagenham,** 400 electricians, demanding a pay increase of 1s. 6d. an hour, went on strike. Workers were warned that if the strike continued, it would result in mass redundancy.

With the **Bristol** South East by-election this week (May 4)—caused by Mr. Wedgwood Benn's elevation to the peerage—and Mr. Benn's attempts to remain in the House of Commons, the House of Lords has been the subject of much debate. Mr. R. A. Butler, the Leader of the Commons, announced last week that there would be a joint select committee of both Houses of Parliament to consider the question of reform in the composition of the Lords. The Labour Shadow Cabinet agreed not to encourage the Parliamentary Party to make any move until after the Bristol South East by-election. It was clear from Mr. Butler's statement that the committee would consider the composition of the Lords rather than its powers. The Labour Government in the 1949 Parliament Act reduced the period for which the Lords could veto legislation to one year. Since the Conservatives have been in power, life peerages, among other measures, have been introduced.

CONGO

Spokesmen for President Kasavubu's central Government announced in **Coquilhatville** last Sunday that Mr. Tshombe, the Katanga leader, was to be held in custody "indefinitely" and would be moved secretly to **Leopoldville.** It was alleged that Mr. Tshombe had obstructed the conference of Congolese leaders at Coquilhatville and by his actions in recent weeks had broken agreements reached among Congolese leaders at previous meetings earlier this year.

Two British and two Swedish officers of the United Nations forces were reported missing believed killed after Congolese troops overran a garrison in Kasai Province. The twenty-seven independent states of Africa have been invited to confer in **Monrovia,** the capital of Liberia, on May 8, in an attempt to reach a common policy regarding Congo. The invitations for this meeting have been sent by Liberia, Togo, Nigeria, Ivory Coast, Cameroun, Guinea and Mali.

SOUTH AFRICA

It was announced in **Capetown** that the Queen had accepted the resignation of the Governor-General, Mr. C. R. Swart. He was reported to have gone to his farm in the Orange Free State to await the outcome of the election for the first President of the Republic on May 10. Mr. Swart was believed to be the probable official candidate in the election. He is sixty-six and was installed as Governor-General in January of last year. Before that he was for eleven years Minister of Justice.

IRAQ

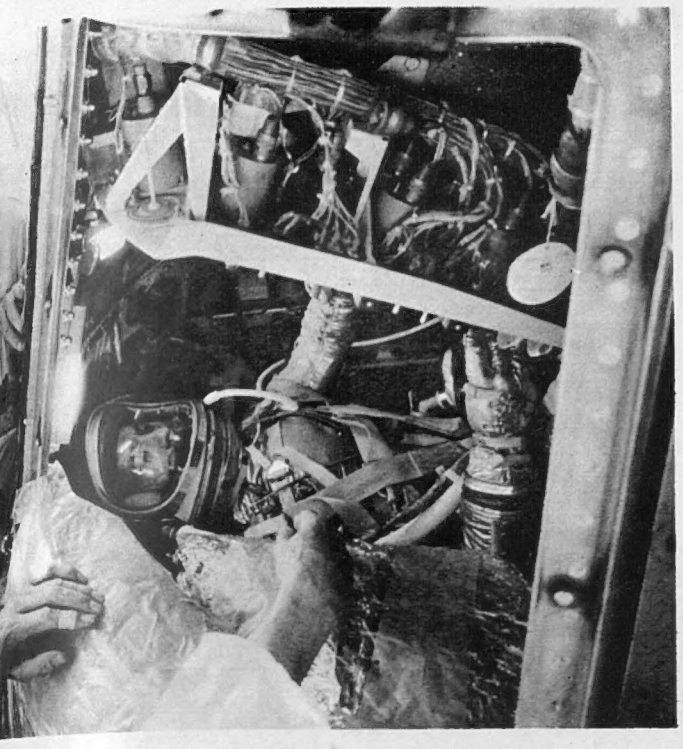
Bagdad radio broadcast last Sunday that Lord Monckton, chairman of the Iraq Petroleum Company, had sent a message to General Kassem, the Iraq Prime Minister, asking for a resumption of negotiations after the breakdown of oil talks. The discussions reached deadlock on April 6, when the I.P.C. rejected a demand by Iraq that the companies should not continue the recovery of "dead rents," paid for tapping territories for oil. The I.P.C. described this point as minor and technical.

CAMEROONS

Preparations are going ahead for the partition of the British Trusteeship territory, as decided by popular vote in the plebiscite of last February. The United Nations General Assembly has agreed that Northern Cameroons shall join Nigeria on June 1 and Southern Cameroons be united to the Cameroun Republic on October 1. It is anticipated some problems may arise in arranging the union between South Cameroons (hitherto in the Commonwealth economic orbit) and the Cameroun Republic (formerly in the French Community and still largely dependent on France for economic support).

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS

Next week (May 13) we shall publish a further selection of correspondence which has resulted from Mr. Victor Bonham-Carter's two controversial articles about Britain's Public Schools

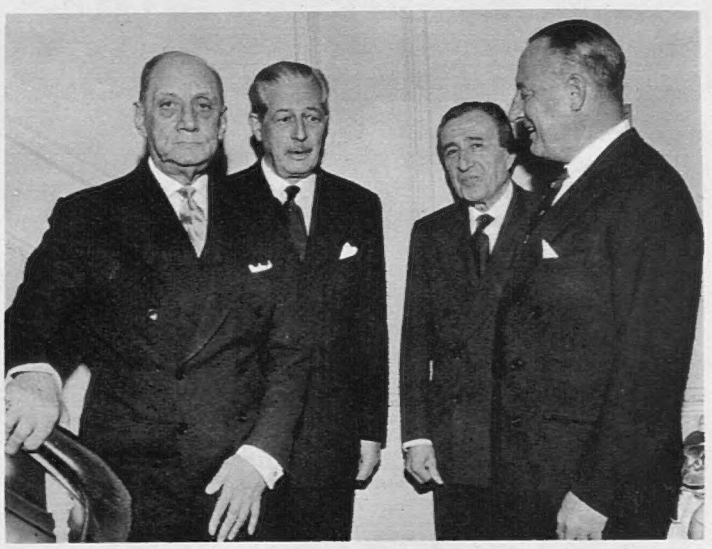


AMERICAN AND RUSSIAN "ASTRONAUTS" INVOLVED IN THE SPACE RACE

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

The U.S. was expected to take another step this week in its attempts to catch up with the Russian success of putting a man in orbit round the earth. **Far left:** Commander Alan Shepard, one of the three men chosen to be prepared for the first shot from the Cape Canaveral rocket range, is seated in a Mercury space capsule for a flight simulation test. The first part of the U.S. Mercury programme was to be a manned flight in a Mercury capsule on top of a Redstone rocket fired on a short arc and not into orbit. **Left:** Russia's first "astronaut," Major Yuri Gagarin, arrives in Prague on a two-day visit. Later he returned to Moscow to take a leading part in the May Day celebrations

THE AUSTRALIANS AT THE MANSION HOUSE



THE PERUVIAN PREMIER MEETS MR. MACMILLAN

Mr. Macmillan is with the Prime Minister of Peru, Señor Beltran (third from left), at a luncheon given by the Hispanic Council in London. Left is Dr. de Rivera Schreiber, Peruvian Ambassador in England, and right, Sir Berkeley Gage, British Ambassador in Peru

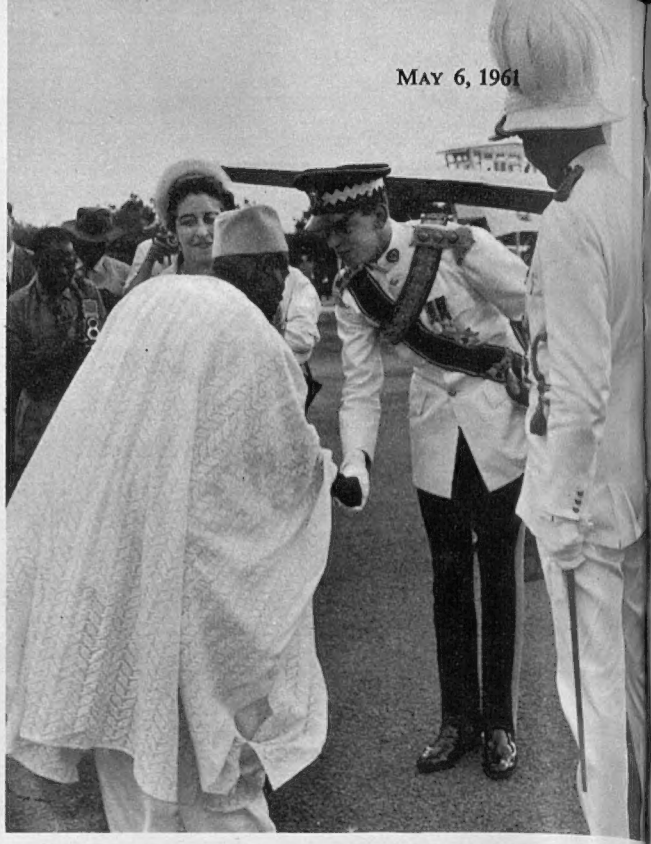
Far left: Richie Benaud, the captain of the Australian cricket team, is with Sir Bernard and Lady Waley-Cohen, the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress of London, at a reception at Mansion House in London. Last Saturday, the Australians opened the cricket season with the first match of their tour against Worcestershire, at Worcester

ANTI-H-BOMB PROTEST IN WHITEHALL

People taking part in the Committee of 100's anti-nuclear weapons demonstration in London sit or lie on the pavement and roadway in Whitehall opposite the Cenotaph. It was estimated that 1,200 marchers left Trafalgar Square last Saturday to walk down Whitehall with the object of committing an act of civil disobedience by sitting down in the roadway of Parliament Square. They were met by a massive concentration of police, 2,000 lining Whitehall and blocking its opening into Parliament Square. After a short discussion between senior police officers and leaders of the march, the demonstrators sat or lay down in Whitehall. The police then moved in to carry the demonstrators to waiting buses. The members of the protest march had been instructed to offer no resistance and to go limp. Over 800 people were arrested and charged under the Metropolitan Police Act, 1839. At Bow Street, 422 people were fined in 5½ hours, an event which was believed to be a record. The average fine was £1, but many of the demonstrators refused to pay and were remanded to appear in court later

Mr. John Kenneth Galbraith, who is the new U.S. Ambassador to India, enters the Presidential Palace in New Delhi to present his credentials to the Indian President, Dr. Prasad. Mr. Galbraith, who is 6 ft. 8 ins. tall, is said to be the tallest diplomat in the world. A close friend of the U.S. President, he is a noted economist and Professor of Economics at Harvard University

THE WORLD'S TALLEST PLENIPOTENTIARY



Far right: Sir Milton Margai, the Prime Minister, welcomes the Duke of Kent at the airport of the capital of Sierra Leone on his arrival to represent the Queen at the country's independence celebrations. Also welcoming the Duke are Sir Maurice Dorman, the Governor, and Lady Dorman. Sir Maurice became Governor-General on Independence Day (April 27) during the ceremony in which the Duke of Kent handed over the instruments of sovereignty

THE DUKE OF KENT IN FREETOWN

The trial of Adolf Eichmann, before a special court sitting in Jerusalem, continued last week with evidence given by witnesses describing the events in Reich territory between the rise of Hitler and the outbreak of the war. A surprise witness was Sendel Shmuel Grynszpan, aged 75, who was one of the 12,000 Jews pronounced "stateless" and herded over the Polish border in 1938. He is the father of Hershel Grynszpan, who, in November 1938, shot the German diplomat Ernst vom Rath, in Paris, presumably as a reprisal against the treatment of his parents. The assassination was the pretext given by the Nazis for the events of the *Krystallnacht* (the night of November 8-9) when the Nazis looted Jewish houses, shops and synagogues in Germany and threw 20,000 Jews into concentration camps. A London businessman, Mr. Moriz Fleischmann, described events in Austria after the *Anschluss*. He is the only survivor of six Austrian Jewish leaders who attended a meeting at Gestapo headquarters twenty-three years ago when Eichmann declared he would purge Austria of the Jews

SENDEL GRYNSZPAN, A WITNESS IN THE EICHMANN TRIAL

ADOLF EICHMANN IN COURT

Sir Eric Harrison, left, the Australian High Commissioner in London, and Mr. T. L. MacDonald, the New Zealand High Commissioner, are pictured with their wives after attending the Anzac service in Westminster Abbey. Anzac Day (April 25) commemorates all the dead of the Australian and New Zealand Army Corps. The date is the day when many Australians and New Zealanders were killed in the Gallipoli landings in 1915

MEMORIAL SERVICE IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

Far right: Portraits of the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh are displayed on a newspaper stand in St. Peter's Square, Rome. All over Rome similar portraits were put up in preparation for the State visit by the Queen and Prince Philip this week. They were to arrive in Naples on May 2. Among her engagements in Rome, the Queen was to see the Pope

PREPARATIONS FOR THE QUEEN'S STATE VISIT TO ROME

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

Dr. Castro, the Cuban Premier, smiles during his visit to the office in Havana of the Organisation for Children's Centres. He is with Dr. Elsa Gutierres, vice-president of the Federation of Cuban Women. The main news last week from Cuba was the U.S. rejection of a Cuban offer to open discussions on the relations between the two countries

Mr. Nehru and Mr. Krishna Menon (second from right) confer in Delhi with the delegates of the Three-power Control Commission for Laos. They are, from left, Mr. Jerezy Michalowski, Poland; Mr. Leon Mayrand, Canada; and Mr. Samarendranath Sen, India. The delegates had met in the Indian capital in the hope of being able to go to Laos after a cease-fire had been announced. The commission was set up under the Geneva Agreement on Laos of 1954. The three members were still in Delhi at the beginning of this week

JOHN CONNELL

"DEFEAT IS AN ORPHAN"

The Cuban catastrophe bears a striking similarity, within the pattern of recent history, to Suez. It chanced that I was in Rhodesia when the ill-fated invasion was launched—far from my base, far from my usual sources of information. In retrospect it is mixed up in my mind with long and earnest discussions about certain fissures in the United Federal Party and about other Central African Federation matters.

The invasion of Cuba bears many of the more lamentable stigmata of Suez: the faulty intelligence work, the muddles in planning, the secrecy which was no secrecy at all, and—above all—the absence of consultation with trusted allies and friends. Half a decade later there is a wry kind of consolation to be derived from the knowledge that a United States Government—and one that is brand new, brimming over with self-confidence, and asserting its moral and political leadership of the Western world—can, just like a British Government, tumble into the most unholy mess. Politics still have their astringently dramatic quality.

But there is one major difference from Suez. The amount of national, bi-partisan support which President Kennedy has received, in his tribulations, in no way resembles the onslaught, in Parliament and in the Press, which Sir Anthony Eden and Mr. Selwyn Lloyd had to endure. The general American attitude makes it much, much easier for Mr. Kennedy to soldier on and do his best, as quickly and as resolutely as possible, to clear up the mess. But a good deal of credit must go to Mr. Kennedy himself, who—once he recognised the extent of the fiasco—shirked no responsibility, and took the American people, the Press, radio and television commentators, and his leading opponents and possible critics—Mr. Eisenhower and Mr. Nixon, Governor Rockefeller and Mr. Harry Truman—fully into his confidence.

It would, however, be unwise or unfair to think that anybody in the United States, from the President himself outwards, is complacent. Who was it who said that you can never take the full measure of a man until you have seen him in humiliation? This I believe to be profoundly if sadly true. President Kennedy aged visibly as the Cuban crisis reached its climax—the engaging undergraduate became a stern, anxious man in his forties—you could see it in his expression and gestures, you could hear it in the inflexions of his voice. But he also grew greatly in stature.

Senor Cardona, President of the Cuban National Revolutionary Council, in New York. The council instigated the abortive invasion of Cuba

Four hundred and seventy-eight prisoners were in Castro's hands by the middle of last week—hostages threatened with immediate death if the United States did anything of which that mercurial dictator might disapprove—and nobody knows how many corpses were rotting on the beaches and in the jungle. The "episode"—President Kennedy's own word for it—was over. But its repercussions were not, of course. Perhaps the most ludicrous of them—I read about it in an aircraft, one morning flying from Salisbury to Blantyre—was the hurried emergence on parade in Britain of the dear old stage army of the protesters, Lady Violet's Own Light Dragoons, who have a new recruit in Mr. Arnold Wesker, the playwright. Whenever the stage army gets going, I think of the gleam in old H. W. Nevinson's eye, the irony and the self-mockery with which he would go off to take his place in its preposterous but lovable ranks. What our national life would be like without them, I cannot bear to think.

It is, however, wise to regard the episode as part of a conflict that extends far beyond the beaches of Cuba. The Soviet Union (same firm, slightly different management) made the warning noises which in 1956 it made over Suez. Five years ago Marshal Bulganin threatened rockets on London. This time Mr. Khrushchev sent his warning direct to Mr. Kennedy, forecasting "Soviet action in full measure" against U.S. moves in Cuba or anywhere else, and pointing out that "any so-called 'small war' can produce a chain reaction in all parts of the world."

There was no overt Soviet action, but there can be no doubt at all that the prestige of the United States suffered a mighty blow. The Communists reaped what one eminent American commentator called "a propaganda bonanza." In case anybody else, like myself, has always wanted to know what a "bonanza" is, I have been at immense pains to discover: it is a mining term, first used in the United States in 1878, and it means a strike of especially rich ore. In this instance its metaphorical use seems fully justified.

Next question, please. There are really two: what, after the fiasco, was the outlook for Cuba, and what was the effect on East-West relations? In Cuba, Castro has been considerably strengthened and such opposition as there is has been flung into disarray. But will the United States Government continue its efforts to eject Castro from power and to prevent his allowing Cuba to be used as a base for Communist penetration of the American continent? I suspect that President Kennedy may, after a thorough investigation, change methods and tactics; I doubt if he will deviate from the strategic intention.

Indeed he has himself made this clear beyond argument, in a speech in Washington; after admitting the venture's costly failure, he said: "Cuba is not an island unto itself. This is not the final episode in the eternal struggle against tyranny, anywhere on the face of the globe, including Cuba, itself."

In the cold war it is perhaps less important, less of a major turning-point than it at first appeared. The Russians are at present engaged, with considerable gusto, on their familiar ploys of blow-hot-blow-cold, of finding out where they think the West's weak spots are and applying pressure there. If we indulge in brinkmanship, so do the Russians. While they are still—quite justifiably—making the utmost out of their projection of the first man into space (even if they have given the unfortunate young man the quite appalling title of "cosmonaut"), they also seemed last week to be coming to terms with Britain over Laos, but having assured themselves of a pretty rapid Communist ascendancy there; and they are preparing a big new pressure campaign about West Berlin. I need only draw fleeting attention at the moment to their activities in Africa in general, and their singularly exasperating attitude over the Congo. Cuba fits into this pattern—as a West blunder which they can and will exploit to the hilt. But Khrushchev had no more serious intention of going to war over Cuba than Bulganin had, at the time of Suez, of rocket-bombing London.

Perhaps the most interesting and lasting effects of the Cuban fiasco will be in the United States itself. If the venture had come off—just as if Suez had come off—when the dust had settled in the U.N. and elsewhere, and Lady Violet's Own Light Dragoons had rallied to assault some other windmill, success would have been its own justification. As President Kennedy himself observed ruefully at a Press conference: "Victory has a hundred fathers. Defeat is an orphan."

It is some measure of the President's capacity for greatness that he assumed full responsibility for every aspect of American participation in the episode. He adopted the orphan, defeat, with a bold and generous gesture. But it is bound to be a fractious and troublesome child, with the whole array of angry and inquisitive aunts and uncles picking on it relentlessly. Below the Presidential level, blame is being pretty freely apportioned and much of it has gone to the Central Intelligence Agency. It was extremely sensible of the President to appoint General Maxwell D. Taylor, the former Army Chief of Staff, and his own brother, Mr. Robert Kennedy, Attorney-General, to investigate the C.I.A.'s part, not only in the Cuban crisis, but in all other aspects of the United States' secret defence activities.

How great that part has been we here in Britain have little means of knowing. But, possessing as I do a certain twenty-year-old experience of some not dissimilar matters in World War II, I am convinced that intelligence agencies, however skilful at gathering intelligence, are not capable of planning and controlling military operations, and that they get themselves, and their political masters, into serious trouble when they usurp this role. The intelligence officer is a good subordinate; he seldom, if ever, makes a good commander. It looks as if somebody in high authority in Washington forgot this truism.

Members of the Royal Air Force, engaged on an exercise under the R.A.F., Germany, Expedition Training Scheme, trek through the snow on pine-covered slopes in the mountains of the Austrian Tirol. **Left:** The team makes its way across a steep slope. Two teams, each of ten men, recently spent a fortnight living in a snowbound chalet 4,000 ft. up near the ski-ing resort of Ehrwald. They were given instruction in ski-ing and made several marches across the mountains, sometimes covering distances of twelve miles. Their programme also included training on how to combat the most rigorous weather conditions. The Expedition Training Scheme of the Royal Air Force, Germany, is intended to encourage servicemen to undertake unusual and strenuous projects and to promote self-reliance and initiative. Properly planned propositions are given financial backing by the Scheme's funds. Earlier this year, a Royal Air Force sergeant made a canoe trip down the entire length of the River Rhine. Plans are now in hand for expeditions for underwater exploration in the Mediterranean and a cross-country trek in Lapland

AIRMEN ON SKIS

A London Newsletter

13-15, JOHN ADAM STREET, W.C.2

CUBA. The young Pretender's intelligence services were gravely at fault when he decided to march into England in the '45. He was assured that country gentlemen would rally in large numbers to his banner and help to overthrow the " tyranny " of the Hanoverians and restore the more romantic rule of the Stuarts. But it did not prove so. And when at the close of the eighteenth century that egregious Irish American Tate landed at Fishguard with his gaol-birds, he too had been briefed by Hoche to expect a warm welcome and support as he advanced westward. But the countrymen (and women) preferred the ills they knew to vague benefits offered them by invaders. It seems that the President of the U.S.A. was equally ill-advised on the Cuban situation. Like the French in the eighteenth century, the U.S.A. were openly in favour of and hopeful of the success of these risings and invasions, but played a backstair part in the campaigns, with some arms and some promises; and the result has been another Culloden or another Fishguard. Humiliating, certainly, for the young President, and the humiliation came at a very unfortunate time since the abortive uprising is linked with dangers to peace in distant parts of a world which has gone mad over insurrection; and closely followed on the meeting between the President and Mr. Macmillan, which pictured the leader of the Western World as a young Solon whose directing statesmanship closely accorded with British views. No doubt Cuba has proved a nasty jolt to the new U.S.A. administration which, of course, took over what was clearly a *damnosa hereditas* from the previous administration; and Mr. Kennedy was perhaps afforded no opportunity for a re-assessment which might in Cuba have checked the continuous political and diplomatic and scientific triumphs of Communism over Western Statesmanship.

PAISLEY AND AFTER. That by-election result quite excited the students of politics. Certainly it must have depressed the Tories, enchanted the Liberals and heartened the Socialists. I don't generally pay much attention to by-election results, since so often personalities, topical events and parish-pumps concerns do much to decide the issue. But the Paisley result *was* startling. The former Tory candidate dropped the Tory vote from 21,000 to 5,500. That, of course, is " on paper." This time a Liberal " intervened " as a third party and ran neck and neck with the Labour winner! True, Paisley was once a Liberal stronghold. But, between them, the Socialists and Liberals swept the Tories almost out of existence and not far from forfeiture. The Tories have been in power for ten years. It is a long time, and I am quite sure that if either opposition party in the last year had been in a position to offer a united, practical, or even numerically available alternative Government, the usual reaction towards " giving the other side a chance " would have been in evidence before now. I think it not unlikely that Mr. Lloyd's budget has now accelerated that reaction and given some substance to a disunited and vague Labour Opposition, and a vague and under-recruited Liberal Opposition. It seems to me that Mr. Lloyd's budget does suggest that the Tories' lip-service to "equality and democracy" is now abandoned openly, and that the manifest betrayal and injustice shown to decent citizens who have responded to ministerial appeals to save has shocked the nation. Again, a government is always judged by results even on the stickiest of wickets. After ten years of power, the vital problems of 1945 are no nearer solution, and many new dragons have raised their heads unbattered, and there is at least some mild justification for describing the Tories as " Capitalist and privilege and tradition-bound "; and for judging that ten years of Tory power have not enhanced the greatness of Britain or her influence in any way that matters, but have vainly bolstered up her past greatness by adhering to outworn pomps, vanities and privilege. Certainly in their dealing with domestic issues which are causing the country anxiety, they are fully entitled to be called Conservative.

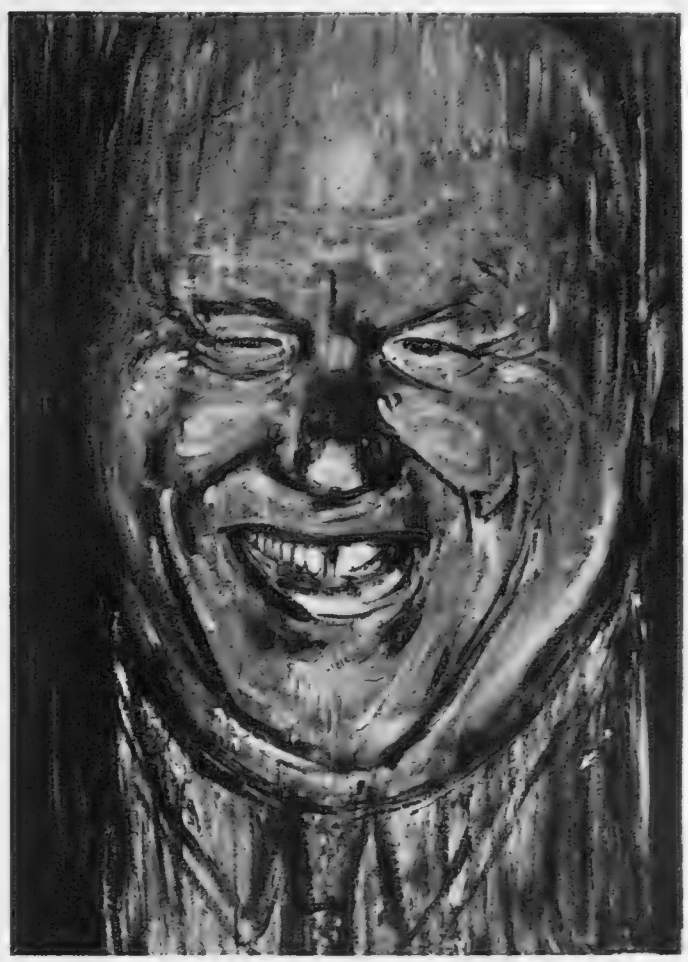
" Old Books " by Jan H. Eversen is one of the paintings at the Royal Academy of Arts Summer Exhibition at Burlington House in London which opened last week. This year's exhibition, which will close at the beginning of August, contains well over 1,000 paintings. Architectural drawings, sculpture, engravings and etchings are also exhibited

" The Girl with the Drum, Fleetwood," by Richard Eurich, R.A., in the Royal Academy Summer Exhibition

" *Copyright reserved for the owners by The Royal Academy Illustrated*"

REALISM AND IDEALISM. Ten years of Tory rule has induced a certain cynicism in Government circles. They no longer take an idealistic view of our national character. They have concluded (with Edith Cavell) that " patriotism is not enough," but, unlike Miss Cavell, they have decided that it can be bought with spot cash. To obtain patriotic service, the inducement must be a monetary incentive. Every man whose qualities or calling, if exercised to the full, can benefit the country economically can and must be bought, and the bribe benefits as many more whose services to the nation are not so obviously vital. I have visited several of our great industrial cities in their boom times and I have marvelled at the display of luxury cars outside the big hotels on Saturday nights and listened to the drum-fire inside of exploding champagne corks. And now I wonder whether in a year's time, when the earned-income surtax concessions

Another exhibit is " Rojoneador." This is a chalk drawing by John Skeaping, R.A.



" Nikita Khrushchev," a study by Ruskin Spear, R.A.

come into force, these important and privileged key men will indeed work harder and spend less on themselves. Is it really true that business and scientific men will only be induced to give the best which is in them to their country and to their own personal ambitions if they are handsomely paid in cash to do so? Can it be that they are so different in character from millions of their fellow citizens—parsons, schoolmasters, artists, authors, doctors and whatnot—who give their best, not nicely assessing the worth in terms of hard cash, but because they despise half-hearted measures, or possess the zest of vocation? It is reasonable to believe that tycoons and scientists consider there is quite as much interest to be derived from pulling through a deal on the telephone or proving something in a test-tube as in daubing a canvas or curing a sick child or correcting the proofs of a poem or teaching the young idea how to shoot. Why then must they be bribed to do their best, when so large a proportion of the nation do their best for reasons less material ? It seems to me that Tory Government cynicism makes cynics of us all and we must wait another year to learn whether the Government's worship of the Golden Calf brings us all into the promised land.

IT 'S STILL GREEK TO ME. But the more I study the aids supplied to us by the Press or by Parliamentary interpreters and critics of the Budget, the more puzzled I become as to its intentions. It seems to be clear, as Mr. Wilson pointed out in a telling speech, that the great benefits conferred by the surtax concessions fall like rain on the just and the unjust who can command big incomes. The man who makes a great income by crooning or reaps a golden harvest from his interests in places of entertainment of doubtful propriety receives the golden handclasp as surely as does the scientist who discovers a cure for cancer or the common cold. As for the humble and the thrifty, let them stew in their own juice. *Their* talent, wrapped in a napkin, is not worth a ten talent reward. Long ago, I abandoned the hope that any chancellor in my lifetime would remove the greatest of all the blots on modern budgets and taxation systems —their utter unintelligibility to the common man on whom the burdens fall. So many of us for such a long time have been compelled to pay for skilled interpreters and advisers to enable us not only to pay what is due but to avoid paying more than is due from us, and that even goes for the variations and complexities of our responsibilities as employers of a single employee on a weekly basis. We have a full year in which to unravel, for instance, the meaning of the super-tax concessions as they apply not only to tycoons and the wide boys, but to the limited middle-cut of married people who may enjoy a combined and " grossed-up " income derived in part from earnings and in part from investments inherited or saved. I examined some " tables " prepared for our instruction in the Press, showing what the concessions mean in benefit to incomes " half earned and half from investment." Does any benefit come to those joint incomes composed in part of earnings never large enough *per se* to qualify for surtax and in larger part from savings-investment which, combined, bring the total into the new surtax range?

ST. GEORGE AND MERRY ENGLAND. The Vatican, after all these years, has decided to demote St. George, our patron saint, from a first-class saint to the ranks of mere " historic persons." It is late in the day for the Sacred Congregation of Rites to appoint a Devil's Advocate to sift St. George's claims and to find them insufficient. But there it is. Too little is known about him. He lived in the fourth century but his claim to sainthood and the dragon business are non-proven, and certainly he seems to have been an alien. So the Roman Catholic Church will no longer observe St. George's day in full. It will henceforth merely accord him on April 23 a brief prayer of commemoration. But in England (and in Genoa exceptionally) the customary observances go on as usual and the Pope will not interfere with them. He has announced this concession. This is good news to me or at any rate an alleviation of bad news. For there is nothing I like to see more than the flags of St. George hoisted on the church towers on the day of St. George and Shakespeare in England's newly-green and pleasant land. It is true that the dragon which St. George killed left issue or shed its teeth in the soil during the fight, and in killing it, St. George did not guarantee that England (or the world) would steadily grow merrier or more virtuous. Indeed, there is still need in England for a St. George and we are right not to accept his demotion at the hands of the Vatican. In fact, if St. George is no longer to be a major saint in Rome, we might respond by promoting him to Colonel in England, where dragons are still rife. The dragons of insubordination and insurrection to-day are in control all over the face of the Earth. It seems an odd moment to disarm St. George, whoever he may have been.

THE OLD STAGER

A GIFT WITH A CONTINUING REMINDER

You will appreciate how delightful a gift " The Sphere " will make for any occasion with its weekly reminder of the sender. Its weekly pictorial coverage of world news, and its first-class writers, will especially appeal to the busy man or woman of affairs.

You can take out a subscription for a friend by sending a cheque or money order to the Subscription Department (S)—" The Sphere," 13-15, John Adam Street, London, W.C.2.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO " THE SPHERE " Published at 2/6 weekly

THESE TERMS ARE INCLUSIVE OF POSTAGE	12 months and Xmas No.	6 months and Xmas No.	6 months no extras
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Great Britain and Eire	7 12 0	3 18 6	3 14 0
Canada	7 0 6 (or $19.50)	3 12 6 (or $10.50)	3 8 0 (or $10.00)
U.S.A.	$22.50	$11.50	$11.00
Elsewhere abroad	7 14 6	3 19 6	3 15 0

The Roman Army, led by Pompey (Conrado San Martin), rides up the steps of the great temple in Jerusalem

Inside the temple the priests of Judea are slaughtered by the Romans

John the Baptist (Robert Ryan) stands in the River Jordan baptising his converts

ENTERTAINMENT

KING OF KINGS

It is natural that M.G.M., and every other major film company for that matter, should want to follow up the overwhelming success of *Ben-Hur*, a biblical epic which in all probability will take more money than any previous film. M.G.M.'s successor is Samuel Bronston's *King of Kings*, filmed in Technicolor and Super Technirama 70 and running for well over two-and-a-half hours. It is the story of Jesus Christ, set against the era of Roman rule in Judea, from the entry of Pompey into Jerusalem to Christ's death on the Cross. Although the film keeps closely enough to the story of the New Testament, the script writer, Philip Jordan, has amplified the Roman sections into a story of ruthless intrigue and insurrection. The formula of success for *Ben-Hur* has been employed again. William Wyler, one of Hollywood's most serious and accomplished directors, was used on *Ben-Hur*: *King of Kings* has Nicholas Ray, a Hollywood director who made his name directing James Dean in *Rebel Without a Cause*. There is the same long, impressive cast list, including for *King of Kings*, Siobhan McKenna as the Virgin Mary and Jeffrey Hunter as Jesus. The epic was filmed in Spain. Two of Europe's largest studios, the Sevilla and Chamartin in Madrid, were taken over to contain the vast sets designed by the distinguished French theatrical designer, George Wakhevitch. The film will be seen in London in the early autumn.

Right: Herod Antipas gives a feast in honour of Pontius Pilate. From left are Claudia (Viveca Lindfors); Pilate (Hurd Hatfield); Salome (Brigid Bazlen); Herod (Frank Thring); Herodias (Rita Gam); Caiphas (Guy Rolfe); and Lucius (Ron Randell)

Joseph (Gerard Tichy) and Mary (Siobhan McKenna) in the stable

cius the Centurion (Ron Randell) and Caiphas (Guy Rolfe)

Joseph and Mary make their way to Bethlehem

THE VOICE OF THE COMMON

The Hon. Fiame Mata'afa Faumuina Mulinuú II, the Prime Minister of Western Samoa, after being invested with the C.B.E. by the Queen at Buckingham Palace last December. Born in 1921, he was educated in Samoa at the Marist Brothers' school at Mulivai and at Malua Theological College. He was Minister of Agriculture from 1957 until he became Prime Minister in 1959. Mata'afa has been President of the Samoan Planters Union since its inception five years ago. He is a keen sportsman and has played Rugby football, cricket and tennis

On May 9, the adult inhabitants of Western Samoa are to participate in a plebiscite which will have vitally important consequences for them. They will be asked to vote on whether they approve of the new constitution which was brought in last year and whether they wish to become a fully independent nation on January 1, 1962.

Western Samoa with a total population of 110,000, consists of a group of islands in the South Pacific ocean, the largest of them being Savai'i and Upolu. Before the First World War, it was a German possession. In 1914, New Zealand forces occupied the islands and from 1919 to 1946 they were administered by New Zealand under a League of Nations Mandate. For the past fifteen years, New Zealand administration has continued under a United Nations Trusteeship Agreement.

With the guidance of New Zealand, the Samoan people have played the major part in planning the future political development of their country. Their temperament and training fit them ideally for this role. Since 1947, a succession of constitutional advances has smoothly and successfully brought Western Samoa from dependent status to self-government.

Cabinet Government was inaugurated on October 1, 1959, when the Hon. Fiame Mata'afa F.M. II became the territory's first Prime Minister. On October 28, 1960 a Constitutional Convention, fully representative of the Samoan people, formally adopted, after thorough discussion, a constitution combining traditional Samoan custom with the principles of a responsible parliamentary form of government.

Next week's plebiscite will be held under the supervision of the United Nations. Fiame Mata'afa, to judge from his recent utterances, seems to be in no doubt about the outcome of the vote. The task ahead for Western Samoa may not be easy, he has declared, but " rooted in a tradition and responding to the invigorating influences of the modern world, the Independent State of Western Samoa will grow and flourish to become an ornament, if only a minor one, to the world community."

New Zealand administrative, technical and financial assistance will continue to help the Samoan people meet the important problems at present facing the Territory—a rapidly expanding population, a serious shortage of trained personnel, and too great a dependance on three main export crops, copra, bananas and cocoa.

These typical thatched Samoan homes are known as fales. Blinds can be lowered over open sides for protection against weather

Left: A young patient is given dental treatment at a mobile clinic. Samoan dental officers have been trained in their profession by a New Zealand dentist

Below: Children in a village have a medical check-up. Local committees of women co-operate with the Health Department to organise these inspections

"Vailima" at Apia. The house built in Samoa by R. L. Stevenson, in which he died in 1894, has been extended to become Government House

WEALTH

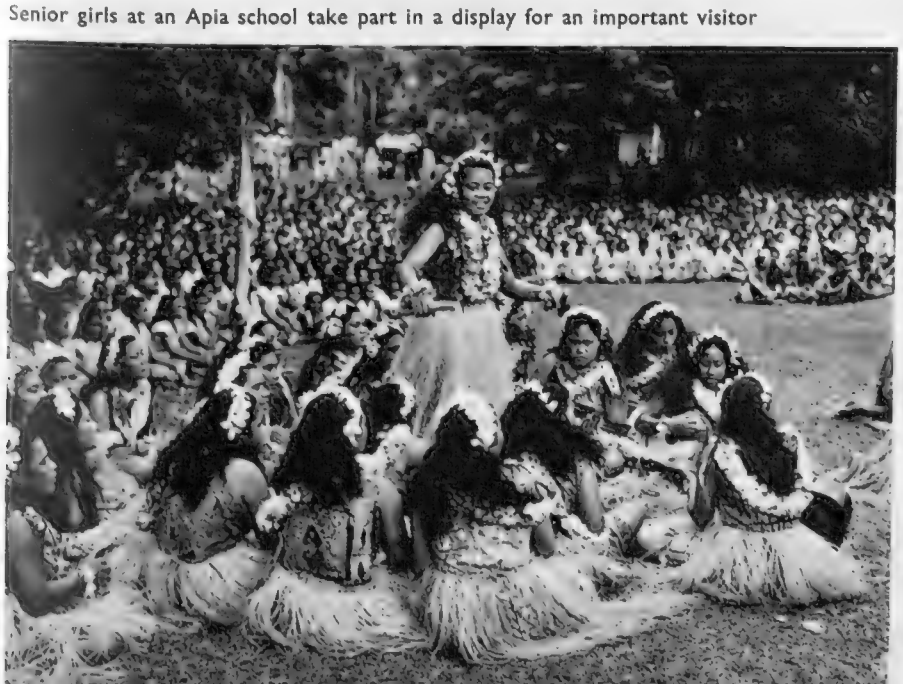
Aspects of Western Samoa, which next week votes to decide its future

A ship discharges her cargo into lighters off the coast at Apia. The waterfront of the capital of Western Samoa is in the background

Left: Students at the teachers' training college at Apia. They take a three-year course before qualifying. All village schools are staffed by Samoans and a high proportion of the teachers in the primary and secondary schools of the islands are also Samoan

Right: At a cacao plantation the beans are dried in an open drier. Later the process will be completed in a hot-air rotary drier

Senior girls at an Apia school take part in a display for an important visitor



Children with percussion instruments. They have an aptitude for rhythm

ART IN INDUSTRY

A series of water-colours by Alan Sorrell of the construction of Hinkley Point

Work started on the transformation of Combwich Harbour, Somerset, in December 1957, so that it could handle large loads of materials for the construction of Hinkley Point Power Station

Traditionally the English water-colour has depended for its strength upon its ability to depict with charm and precision the changing moods of the English countryside. Against this background, a nuclear power station, with its thick concrete shields and angular lines, may not seem altogether congenial. But it may possess a functional grace and the appeal that comes from human achievement. In the year before construction started on Hinkley Point Nuclear Power Station, in Somerset, Alan Sorrell, a member of the Royal Water-Colour Society, was commissioned to paint a series of water-colours showing the progress of construction. The aim of this commission was that the paintings would be a valuable addition to photographic records and would capture the atmosphere of such a large-scale undertaking.

Mr. Sorrell first went to Somerset in October 1957, before work started, to depict the emptiness of the site. By 1958 he was painting the transformation of nearby Combwich Harbour, once a Roman port and nearly derelict for twenty-five years. Next came the sea wall and reclamation of land behind it which forms the foundation for the 740-ft.-long turbine hall, the largest in Europe. The artist's task has not been without difficulty: he worked at the top of the giant Goliath crane and travelled 2,000 ft. out to sea in a

(*Continued on page 228*)

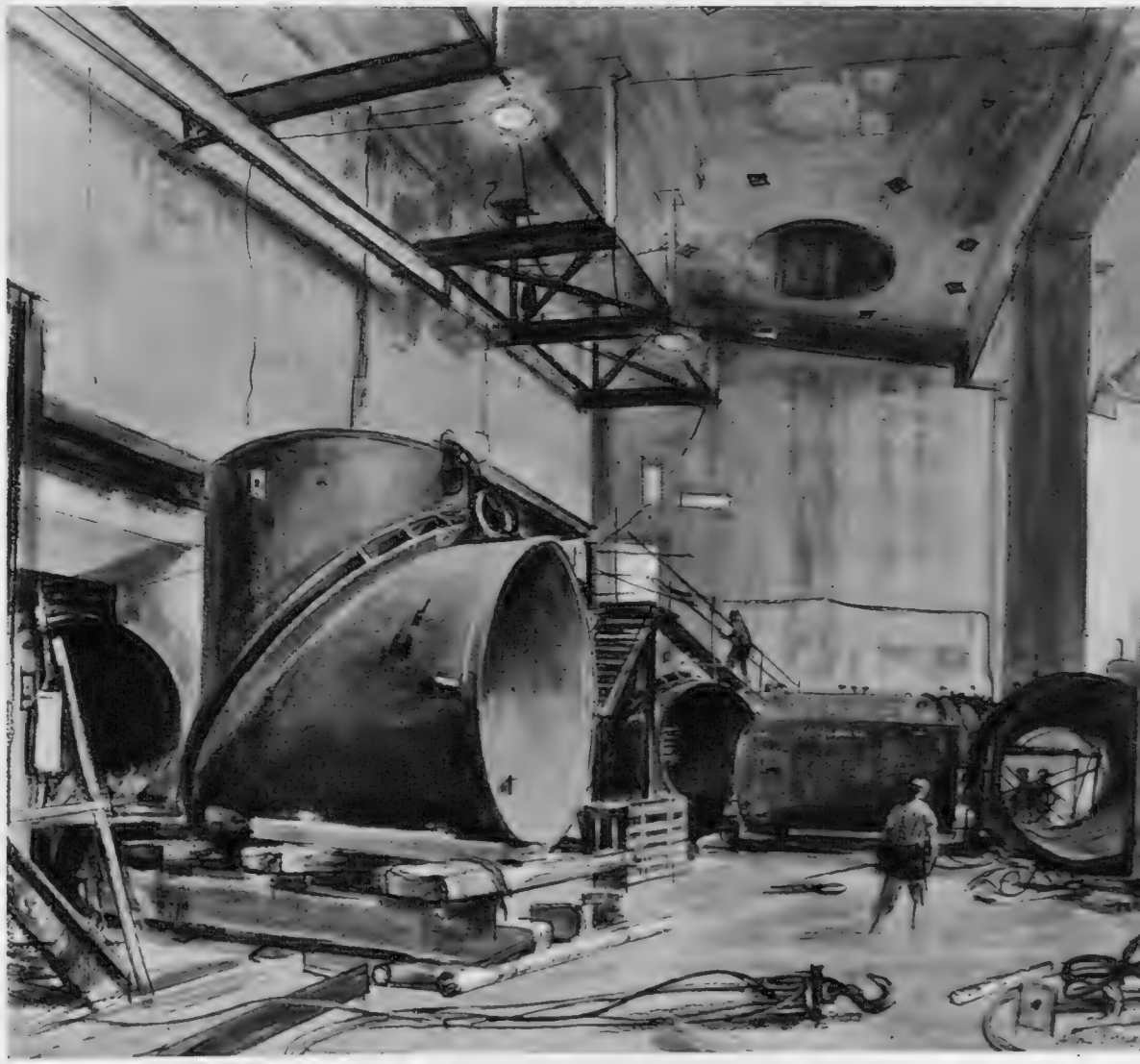
The construction of the sea wall—painted in July 1958

Inside one of the nuclear reactors at Hinkley Point Power Station

A close-up of the Goliath crane, 240 ft. high and capable of lifting 400 tons—January 1959

In September 1959, the artist depicted the scene from the top of the Goliath Crane, showing construction of Nos. 1 and 2 reactors

-June 1960



At work on assembling the carbon dioxide ducts inside the blower house—June 1960

BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

ENTHUSIASM FOR SEA-SHELLS

I have been indulging one of my favourite pastimes—attending a country auction. One of the items fascinated me: a small octagonal occasional table with a glass top. It contained a collection of shells, accompanied by a note in a childish hand, in ink so faded that it was the palest copper, " collected by me in Devonshire, Miriam Watts." It was not a particularly good collection, mostly dog whelks and mussels, nothing in the least unusual, and it was in anything but good condition, but here surely was a link with one of the great figures of English natural history. The period of the table (mid-Victorian), the faded ink, the handwriting, the condition of the shells—all pointed to it. Little Miriam Watts, I thought, had been a disciple of Philip Gosse.

Philip Gosse is now remembered, if he is remembered at all except by specialists, as the father in *Father and Son*, that delightful book by Edmund Gosse. But to the mid-Victorians his was a household name and his books, especially *A Naturalist's Rambles on the Devonshire Coast*, *A Sea-Side Holiday*, *The Aquarium* and *A Year at the Shore*, were to be found on almost every gentleman's bookshelves. This was not just because he was a good writer and a good artist: it was because he had also the ability to enthuse. Let me quote from his son:

> At the head of the procession, like Apollo conducting the Muses, my father strides ahead in an immense wide-awake, loose black coat and trousers, and fisherman's boots, with a collecting basket in one hand, a staff or prod in the other. Then follow gentlemen of every age, all seeming spectacled and old to me, and many ladies in the balloon costume of 1855, with shawls falling to a point from between their shoulders to the edge of their flounced petticoats, each wearing a mushroom hat with streamers.

And trailing along behind, I like to think, Miriam Watts. I do not know that Philip Gosse really did a great deal to encourage the study of natural history, but he undoubtedly fired the enthusiasm of the collector. To such an extent that we find his son writing later on:

> All this is long over, and done with. The ring of living beauty drawn about our shores was a very thin and fragile one. It had existed all those centuries solely in consequence of the indifference, the blissful ignorance of man. These rock-basins . . . they exist no more, they are all profaned, and emptied, and vulgarised. An army of " collectors " has passed over them, and ravaged every corner of them. . . . That my father, himself so reverent, so conservative, had by the popularity of his books acquired the direct responsibility for a calamity that he had never anticipated, became clear enough to himself before many years had passed, and cost him great chagrin.

Well that is a gross exaggeration. Life does not give up as easily as all that. If you go round the rocky shores of Britain to-day, even at Ilfracombe, which was where Philip Gosse led his processions, you will find everything that he saw and that was collected.

It is not the wild life that has disappeared: it is the collector. The emphasis has altered. In a recent book on the subject, *Shell Life on the Seashore*, by Philip Street, only two small paragraphs at the very end of the book are devoted to shell-collecting, which is no doubt an excellent thing but is not likely to enthuse the collector. I suppose that there are still people who collect shells: but I do not know one myself. I do, however, know several people who, enthused by Clarence Ellis's *The Pebbles on the Beach*, collect seashore pebbles. And very pretty they are, too.

But to return to Philip Gosse: he may be truly described as the founder of home-aquarium keeping. He even went so far as to work out a formula for the preparation of artificial sea-water for those who lived far inland, but he was certainly not the founder of shell-collecting in England. That is a hobby which, as may be seen from the various shell-houses in the country, dates back at least 300 years. Some authorities assign a great antiquity to the famous Margate grottoes with their shell-studded walls, which were discovered accidentally in 1835, but it seems more probable that whoever designed them got the idea from the Grotto Hall at Woburn. This is known to have been completed about 1630 (a century earlier than Flitcroft's rebuilding of the Abbey itself) though it is in such perfect condition that it is difficult to believe that it is so old. At any rate this Woburn Grotto was the forerunner of the grottoes and shell-houses which became fashionable during the eighteenth century.

I do not know how many of these still exist. Those I do know, in addition to Margate, those I have visited myself because they are open to the public, number only three—A la Ronde at Exmouth, an octagonal villa with a gallery decorated with shells and feathers, and therefore not a true shell-house; a charming little pavilion at Mereworth Castle in Kent, in process of restoration when I last saw it; and a grotto at St. Giles House, Wimborne St. Giles, in Dorset which was also being restored. But there must be several more, like the one in Goodwood Park, which are not open to the public. And you may see here and there, especially in fishing villages, cottages whose outside walls have been completely decorated with sea-shells. Polperro has a most beautiful example.

At Les Vauxbelets in Guernsey, there is another example of the decorative use of shells; a tiny chapel which, though it is large enough to hold (at a pinch) a priest and a congregation of two, looks like one of those scale-models made out of match-sticks or sugar-icing. The walls here are decorated inside and out with shells and small fragments of pottery; so, again, it is not a true shell-house.

Decorating walls with shells, as in this chapel and in some of the fishermen's cottages, is one thing, designing a shell-house or grotto quite another. The latter is not so much a matter of decoration as a work of art, for the walls and the ceiling must be wholly covered and the shells so placed that they form pictures or elaborate designs, like the most intricate patchwork quilting. The men who designed our eighteenth-century grottoes and shell-houses, to say nothing of the man who designed the Grotto Hall at Woburn, were true artists rather than skilled craftsmen. The men who did the work were certainly skilled craftsmen, but the directing genius—so far as I am aware, not one is known by name—was in every case a great artist. His stamp is everywhere unmistakable; in oils or shells.

Miriam Watts's rather pathetic little collection reminded me of all this. Perhaps she had thought, when, copying papa and mama, enthused by Philip Gosse, she first began collecting her shells on the shore of some Devon watering-place, that she would decorate the walls of her room? But no; I think not. The mid-Victorians were acquisitive rather than artistic. Shell-houses belong to a yet more leisurely and much more artistic age.

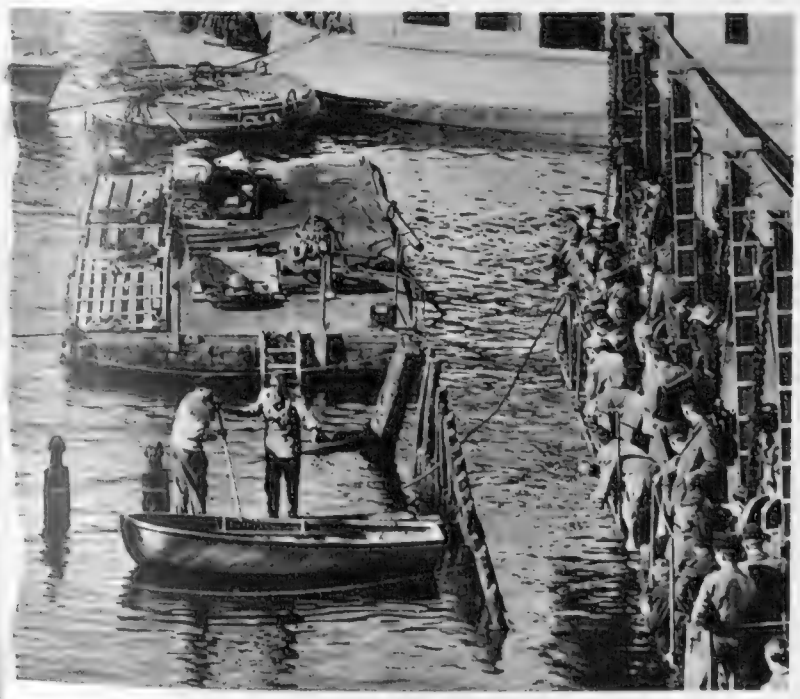
A chamber in the Margate grottoes. **Right:** The tiny chapel at Les Vauxbelets, Guernsey

WARSHIP FROM THE PAST

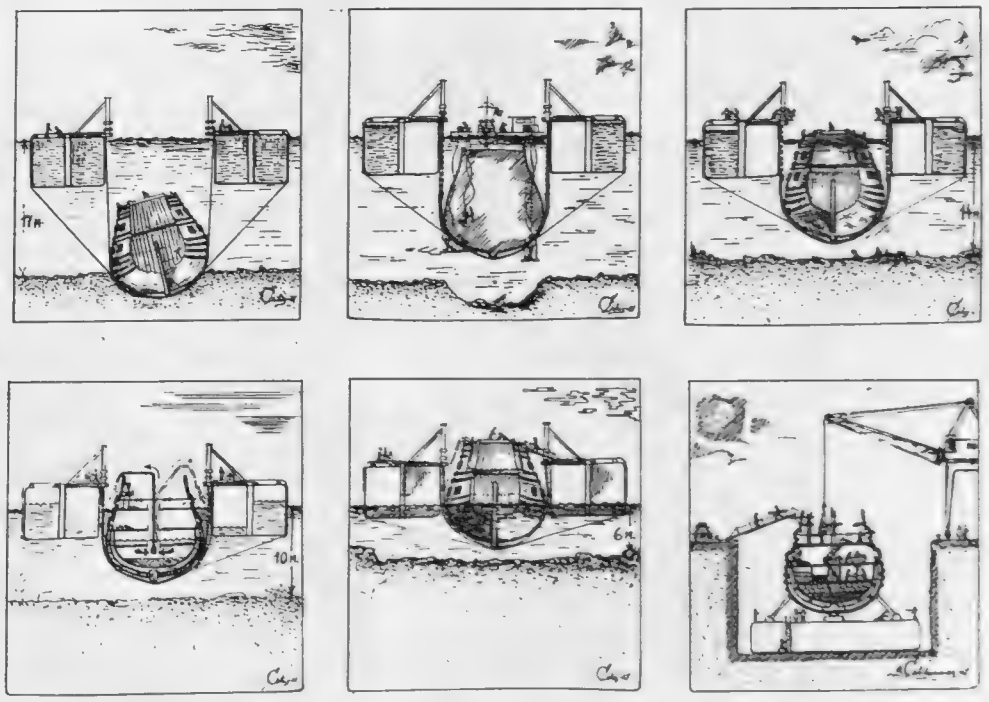
Painstaking rescue operations were undertaken last week in Stockholm harbour to raise the hulk of the Swedish warship, *Vasa*, which had been buried deep in the mud for over 330 years. She appeared to be in a surprisingly good state of preservation as she was raised by means of two pontoons and a cradle of hawsers. After she had been towed nearer the shore and pumped dry, the *Vasa* was to go into dry-dock for thorough restoration, and eventually will go on show in Stockholm in a special museum. The operations form the climax of five years' work after an amateur archæologist, Mr. Anders Franzén, rediscovered the wreck. Swedish experts claim that the *Vasa* is the oldest identified, intact warship in existence. She carried sixty-four guns and her construction was officially approved by King Gustavus Adolphus. The man-of-war went down soon after starting on her maiden voyage from the old city of Stockholm on August 10, 1628. A squall made her list and water entered her open gunports so that she turned over and sank. Many attempts were made at the time to salvage her—at 1,400 tons she was an extremely powerful and valuable warship.

The ribs of the main deck rail of the Swedish seventeenth-century warship *Vasa* are revealed as she is raised in Stockholm harbour

Two sculptures come into view



Onlookers watch the salvage operations of the man-of-war



The diagrams show the rescue operations using two pontoons and hawsers passed under the keel

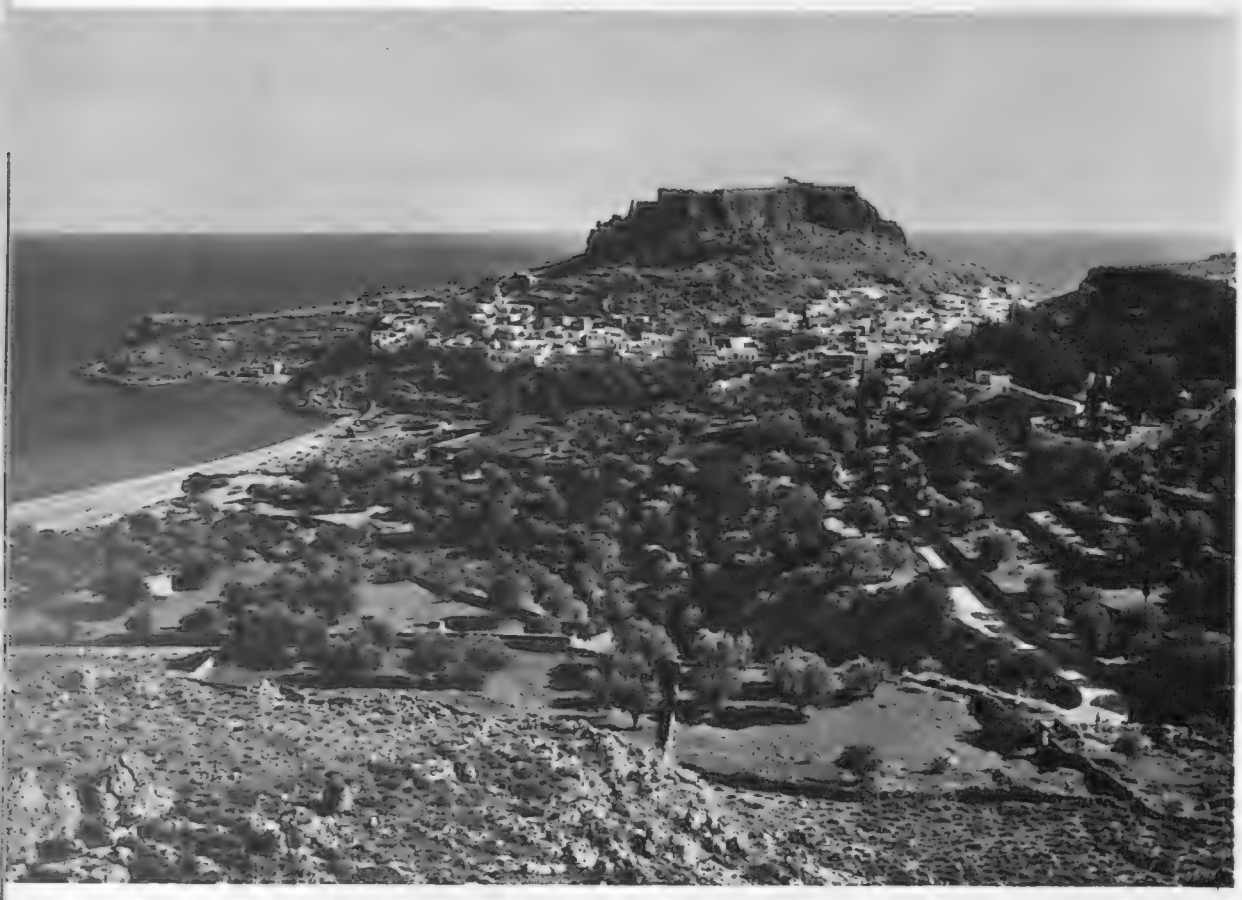
TRAVEL

A HOLIDAY ON ANCIENT RHODES

By GORDON COOPER

Rhodes, as far as I am concerned, is the perfect holiday island: it has wonderful beaches and scenery, lush vegetation, a number of archæological and historic remains and good hotels. It is full of that usually rather over-vaunted quality " character."

Recently, I flew out by B.E.A. Comet 4B, now operating on a direct London-Athens service via Geneva. This route over the Alps, Florence, Brindisi, the Adriatic, Corfu and the Gulf of Corinth is rich in its rewards, and the service was, as usual, impeccable on this swift, smooth airliner. The tourist return fare is £100 16s. (day), £84 12s. (night), and the five-hour day flight links up at Athens with an Olympic Airways' schedule, taking just over an hour to Rhodes (through fare from London, £94 10s. to £108). An alternative route is by sea from Piræus, taking twenty-two hours.



The historic city of Lindos, in Rhodes, overlooked by the hill of the Acropolis

The approach to Rhodes by day is perfect. It is, according to legend, the island which rose in beauty from the foam, promised to Apollo by Zeus after he had divided the world amongst the gods, and overlooked the sun lord. Apollo named the island " Bride of the Sun." Certainly the sun has blessed it. The seven springs, which feed Rhodes from the central mountains, have made it a garden of olive, lemon and orange groves, mulberry, oleander, pine and the slim pure cypress. Hibiscus and wistaria glow against white walls; the grassland is carpeted with wild flowers of every description and poppies drip blood red where Rhodians once met by ancient temple or market place.

After the original settlers came the Phœnicians, followed at varying intervals and amongst others by the Dorians, the Romans, the Byzantines, the Crusaders, the Turks, and the Italians. Rhodes, capital of the Dodecanese, was finally reunited with Greece fourteen years ago, but the marks of 3,500 years of passing civilisations remain to enchant the visitor.

The city of Rhodes itself is a gem. Huge medieval ramparts rise from the edge of one of her two harbours to enclose the old town, including the Castello, the magnificent palace of the Grand Masters of the Knights of St. John—later the Knights of Malta—who ruled the island for 216 years. Here, for the first time, *Son et Lumière* performances are being held this year. The Street of the Knights, rising steeply up to the Castello, is a medieval painting brought to life. Nearby, the Museum of Rhodes is housed in a lovely fifteenth-century building. You should walk round the ramparts of the old city, too, with superb views at each turn, and allow time to wander in the old commercial quarter, with its oriental influence, its minarets and clutter of wares, and the buzz of activity which increases proportionately as the day ends.

Outside the ramparts the spacious modern city, largely in Venetian-Gothic style, owes much to Italian occupation. Above Rhodes, with glorious views in every direction, you should visit the Acropolis, with remains of the Temple of Apollo and the stadium and the completely restored theatre at its feet.

Though Rhodes was founded in 408 B.C., three other cities had been thriving already 1,000 years, reaching their peak from 660 B.C. Of these, Lindos, about 35 miles south of Rhodes, was the most important, with a population of some 100,000. To-day, it is a stark white village of 750 inhabitants, clustered at the southern end of a beautiful bay and overlooked by the medieval fortress built by the Knights of St. John, in turn enclosing the remains of the Doric temple of Athena Lindia, on the Acropolis. This is reached on foot or by donkey, and from the top there are breath-taking views over this dramatic coastline, including the tiny natural harbour where St. Paul is said to have landed. The village itself is fascinating to explore and has an early Byzantine church, its interior lavishly covered with later frescoes.

On the opposite coast, about 20 miles south-west of Rhodes, the reconstructed ruins of Kamiros have one of the most perfect situations of any archæological remains I know. Here, on a steep hillside, amongst pines and clumps of wild rose, you can walk up the " main street " of ancient Kamiros between the low ruins of shops and villas to the high plateau topped by six columns, all that remain of the ancient Stoa. Behind you, the coastal hills plunge to the incredibly blue sea, backed by the Turkish mountains.

Of the third ancient city, Ialyssos, about 10 miles south-west of Rhodes, little that is visible remains. But its former Acropolis, 800-ft. Mount Philerimos, whose summit is reached by an Alpine-like series of hairpin bends, is topped by the restored medieval church built, partially over Byzantine remains, by the Knights of St. John. Before the church entrance are the ruins of the Temple of Athena. Once again the views on all sides, framed between cypress trees, are lovely beyond description.

Then there is the Valley of the Butterflies, about 15 miles south of Rhodes, so-called because of the clouds of butterflies which populate its wild scenery during the summer. Organised excursions are arranged to all these centres, or if you prefer to wander alone, you can hire a car, motor scooter or use local bus services. A weekly steamer service will also take you over to Turkey, returning the same day.

Rhodes itself offers a good and growing selection of hotel accommodation—including the Hotel des Roses (Luxury), the Belvedere (1st class B), both with private beaches, and the Pindos (2nd class). A new 1st-class hotel, the Hibiscus, with private beach, opens this summer. Most interesting of the hotel developments, however, is the Miramare-Beach hotel, recently taken over by Swiss management. About three miles out of town, it is a private paradise situated on the curve of a broad bay, looking out to the Turkish coast, 18 miles away. Accommodation is in self-contained bungalow units with private toilet and shower or bath, each with its own sun terrace from some of which you can step straight down on to the extensive private beach. Full pension rates range from £3 a day, including the hotel's many facilities, such as swimming-pool, miniature golf, dancing, tennis and transport into town.

The perfect time to visit the island is in spring or autumn. Summer can be very hot, and intermittent rainy spells usually occur any time between November and late February.

SABENA CARAVELLES TO GREECE

Early in April, Sabena Belgian World Airlines brought their Caravelle VI's into service on the Brussels-Athens run, via Vienna or Frankfurt. This links with the company's Caravelle schedules London-Brussels and onwards from Athens to various points in the Middle East. As usual, I found the Caravelle extremely comfortable and the flight virtually noiseless. The triangular windows offer a particularly fine view. Good hotels in Athens are the Grande Bretagne (de luxe), on the main square, the Ambassadeurs (A), and the Alice (B). The King George II (de luxe), next door to the Grande Bretagne, should also be mentioned for its fine art gallery—a private collection covering Greek art of the nineteenth century and including some delightful works.

In pouring rain in the Italian village of Cesarana, in the Piedmont province of Northern Italy, pairs of oxen are raced through the main street during the celebrations of a fete dedicated to Saint George. In the sixteenth century, the village, situated near Vercelli, was ravaged by plague. The villagers prayed to their patron, Saint George, promising if the plague never returned they would hold an annual fete in his honour

OX-RACE IN CESARANA

A cart collapses during the race. **Below:** Villagers in their best suits watch the parade

The oxen are adorned with the Cross of Saint George

GABOR DENES

YACHTING

Since the war the R.Y.A. Olympic Committee has been in charge of preparations for Olympic Regattas. Its brief included the training and selection of crews and boats, and the general organisation of Britain's yachting team. One always had great sympathy with the successive chairmen and members of this committee, for although they carried such a great burden of anxious responsibility, their powers were extremely limited. Although not generally realised, in actual fact it had no real authority to act at all. All decisions were reserved for the R.Y.A. Council, who sometimes carried out the Committee's recommendations and sometimes disagreed with them. This system made the work of the Committee a thankless task as well as reducing its effectiveness. Limited, or split responsibility can seldom produce the best results—we have not been very successful in our recent Olympic aspirations.

This may be one of the reasons why, in its wisdom, the recently rejuvenated R.Y.A. Council has broken tradition and not appointed a new Olympic Committee on a permanent basis this year. A purely *ad-hoc* sub-committee has been formed instead, under the chairmanship of Peter Scott, whose task is to investigate all the problems of Olympic yachting and to report its findings to the Council by the end of this month. It is a workmanlike, small group. Its members are all Council members, and include the chairman of the last Olympic Committee, Sir Geoffrey Lowles, as well as J. R. Bryans, Ian Butler, Pat Dyas, P. V. MacKinnon and Stewart Morris.

The terms of reference are based on a report by Nigel Warington Smyth (senior vice-president) which met with the Council's full approval. The sub-committee has powers to collect evidence from any available source, including consultation with other national authorities regarding their Olympic experiences. On the evidence obtained it is to make recommendations as to what body should select the Olympic team, and on what grounds the selection should be made. Should the method of selection give a fair chance to all, or should individuals be trained as gladiators to win gold medals regardless of anything else? When should selections be made, what assistance and instruction should be given to potential candidates, and finally, in what other way can the R.Y.A. be of assistance? This way of tackling the problem amounts to getting to the roots and let us hope full advantage of the sub-committee's recommendations will be taken.

The International *Daily Express* Offshore Powerboat Race from Cowes to Torbay to be held on August 19 is creating great interest. Over fifty owners have intimated in writing that they will enter boats and the race will be a test of hull design, engine reliability and—this is where it resembles an ocean race—navigational skill. It is impossible, even remotely, to guess at the competitors' performances as the final deciding factor of all will be the prevailing weather. This may be a severe test of endurance for machinery and humans alike. Even a moderate breeze against the tide will produce totally different results from a flat calm.

Some indication of the possibilities is given by the results of the Miami-Nassau powerboat race which had thirty-six starters. It was won by a 31-ft. boat powered by two 280 h.p. Chrysler engines, with the incredible average speed of over 42 m.p.h. over the course of 180 miles. Its hull was designed by Ray Hunt, many of whose hulls will be in the race over here. As against that result, an 18 ft. 6 in. boat was fourth, driven by two 75 h.p. outboards. Such races promote to a great extent the design of powerboat hulls.

Lieutenant - Commander Alan Miller, of the R.N.V.R., has lent his yawl *Nantucket* to the R.N.S.A. for the 1961 Fastnet Race

Left and below: The Fairey Marine Ltd. Huntsman, a 28-ft. seagoing sports cruiser, which was designed by Ray Hunt. Boats of this class are likely entries for the Offshore Powerboat Race

LEARNING TO SAIL

Photographs by Ian Ball

Lutine prepares to go about in the Solent

A thirty-five ton Bermudian yawl, *Lutine*, is the property of the yacht club formed several years ago to encourage sailing among the young men employed in Lloyds of London. The yawl has a normal crew of ten or twelve and one permanent paid hand who acts as ship's husband. *Lutine* is used both for training new members and for racing and is entered for most of the Royal Ocean Racing Club's races as well as Cowes Week and other off-shore events. The formation of the yacht club has brought sailing within reach of many young men who can eventually qualify as skippers, after gaining experience as crew-hands. *Lutine*, built and first sailed in 1952, has many racing victories to her credit ; including the Royal Ocean Racing Club's Class Points Championship, which she has won several times, and a number of ocean races. The first few weekends of every season are taken up with crew training and *Lutine* finishes her season towards the end of October. In these pictures *Lutine* is seen during a typical weekend training course in the Solent where the elementary techniques of sailing can be fully demonstrated.

The yawl under full sail

Crew members lower the mainsail

Shaking out a reef

Willing hands hoist the mainsail

BOOKS

MEMORY OF THE PAST

The reminiscences of Mrs. Haldane; varied biography and travel sketches; and this week's tally of novels

This year sees the centenary of the physiologist, John Scott Haldane, and it also sees the publication of a volume of memoirs by his widow, Mrs. Louisa Kathleen Haldane, who we can hope will be celebrating her own centenary in two years time. FRIENDS AND KINDRED (Faber. 25s.) is an admirable title for her writings, for Mrs. Haldane has made friends throughout the long span of her life, and being Scottish was brought up to a proper regard for kith and connections. Her own life, which began in more than comfortable and leisured surroundings, included much early travel of a formal and luxurious kind and many years with her professor husband at Oxford where her children, later to become respectively Professor J. B. S. Haldane and novelist Naomi Mitchison, grew up. Mrs. Haldane's reminiscences have nothing of the traditional "dear old lady." They are, on the contrary, extremely well observed, clearly remembered and told with an attractive blend of human warmth and sophisticated coolness.

ALEC GUINNESS (Barrie and Rockliff. 18s.) is a revised edition of Mr. Kenneth Tynan's monograph on that distinguished actor, first published in 1953. In text and photographs (the latter showing him in most known uniforms from toga to kilt), Sir Alec's career is described and commented on with the acuity which we expect from a leading dramatic critic.

He lived in his native Paris, spending a youth of the utmost poverty with his boon companions, the painters and the poets. His *café* life was illuminated, if not financially sustained, by his friends Courbet and Baudelaire. His tragi-comic autobiography was dramatised and Puccini made it the basis of a world famous opera. He was known as the First Bohemian and his name was Henry Murger. Now Dr. Robert Baldrick has written the life story of this larger-than-life character, and THE FIRST BOHEMIAN (Hamish Hamilton. 21s.) proves to be a wonderful introduction—at a safe distance—to the Left Bank world of the 1830's and 1840's. Extremely readable and rich with anecdotes, even a new one about the redoubtable Goncourt brothers.

Alexandre Dumas had such a talent for creative writing that even his autobiography reads like the most lively fiction. It is sad that he never took it beyond the year 1833 for it remains not only one of his greatest works but a faithful journal of his own deeds and thoughts as well as a brilliant political and social commentary on his times. Short as is the period covered, the original edition was over a million words long. Now it has been edited, cut down to manageable proportions and translated by A. Craig Bell. MY MEMOIRS (Peter Owen. 25s.) is the first English edition of the work contained in one volume, and we should all be grateful to the editor for his immense industry and devotion to the essentials of Dumas' style.

VLADIMIR NABOKOV, the Russian-born American writer, whose best-known novel is *Lolita*, returns net in hand from a butterfly expedition. He lives at Antibes on the French Riviera and is a well-known lepidopterist

Mr. Morris Philipson is the editor of a book of thirty-four essays by Mr. Aldous Huxley, ON ART AND ARTISTS (Chatto and Windus. 30s.). These writings by the man who remains one of a handful of great men thinking and writing in English, have been selected with the care of an intellectual; a choice dictated by an instinctive understanding of Mr. Huxley's objectives and a scholarly manner that accords well with them. In this volume one finds an opening batch of essays dealing, on this writer's immensely erudite level, with aesthetics and the remainder of the book is concerned with criticism of painting and painters themselves, including an essay on the Elder Breughel which is a small revelation of insight and brilliant expression.

BLUE SKIES, BROWN STUDIES (Hogarth Press. 25s.) is an elegant volume of travel sketches by Mr. William Sansom, who gives his own interpretation of a voyager's experiences in such much-visited places as Vienna, the French Riviera, Minorca, Norway and London. Unlike travel-writers whose books tell only of remote peaks or Pacific islands about which, more or less, anything goes, Mr. Sansom has boldly chosen to write about a few places to which literally millions of people have been, thereby providing himself with an ample list of informed critics. But even the most carping of these will allow the book a certain charm, even to the relish of a chapter dedicated to the perfect meal in a restaurant which I happen to abhor.

THE SCARLET BOY (Hart-Davis. 16s.) is an entertaining story by Mr. Arthur Calder-Marshall, being part thriller, part ghost story and part serious novel. In the main his setting is a haunted house in an English country town and his characters include a Spanish painter, a particularly stupid ironmonger, a young boy (living) and a young boy (dead), a barrister and a helpful local historian of the kind to whom novelists appear to have easier access than most of us. Unusual, entertaining and recommended.

Mr. Paul West, in A QUALITY OF MERCY (Chatto and Windus. 15s.) has

---

CHURCHILL'S SPEECHES

During the period 1953-59

Future generations will have the task of putting Churchill's career and character into the perspective of history; but it is safe to assume that among the many personal characteristics of this great Englishman he will be acclaimed for his generosity of spirit. This generosity runs like a golden thread through his career and, in Churchill's last speech as Prime Minister in the House of Commons, in March 1955, it was extended to his old friend and parliamentary colleague David Lloyd George, on the occasion of the decision to erect a public monument to the First World War leader. This last speech to the Commons is one of the highlights in the volume of Winston Churchill's SPEECHES 1953-59: THE UNWRITTEN ALLIANCE (Cassell. 35s.). It is a most pleasing volume, representing the brightly glowing embers of an unparalleled career, with Churchill's peacetime Ministry and its aftermath, the years of Elder statesmanship. Churchill's finest hour may have lain a decade or more back, but his sense of occasion remained unerring as also remained his humility.

The generals of the Second World War won public recognition because of their massive deployment of forces over broad fronts. Our admirals, with a few notable exceptions, enjoyed a quieter fame. One of the most outstanding of them was the late Admiral of the Fleet Sir James Somerville, whose major contribution was the maintenance of Malta with Force "H," the balanced fighting unit which he pitted against the Italians in the Mediterranean. In FIGHTING ADMIRAL (Evans Bros. 25s.), Captain Donald Macintyre has achieved a sweeping survey of Somerville's fine career, and at the same time has brought out the characteristics of this man, whose acute intelligence, and lively, scurrilous wit marked him out as utterly different to many of his fellow officers with whom he shared an ardent interest in seamanship and most of the other naval virtues.

A less successful aspect of the Second World War is recalled by Anthony Heckstall-Smith and Vice-Admiral Baillie-Grohman in their book GREEK TRAGEDY (Anthony Blond. 25s.). Together they describe the end of this ruinous campaign in which 58,000 Imperial Troops, dive-bombed and sleepless, had to be rescued from the Greek peninsula, their gamble against the advancing Germans having failed. Both authors played an active part in this evacuation.

Arthur Christiansen has written his autobiography, covering his twenty-four years editorship of the *Daily Express*, in a vein that one would readily expect. HEADLINES ALL MY LIFE (Heinemann. 25s.) shows that it was Christiansen's overriding aim at all times to produce an exciting newspaper; that he succeeded in this tough, exciting technical job of news presentation no one will deny. Mr. Christiansen's showmanship has been one of the features of Fleet Street in the middle years of the twentieth century; but self-confessedly he does not emerge as one of the giants of his profession, rather as a zestful and talented man with a vast ability to entertain. Needless to say, Beaverbrook looms large throughout these pages.

Who better than Colonel A. D. Wintle, the most colourful of modern English eccentrics, to describe that remarkable manifestation of London urban life, THE CLUB (Cassell. 13s. 6d.). The dialogue is racy, and the central character, Sir Milner Gibbard, an endearing fellow despite all his bombast.

THE JOURNAL OF THE FLYFISHERS' CLUB now reaches Volume 50, and it is marked by a Golden Jubilee Number. Among the distinguished contributors to this number are W. J. M. Menzies, an authority on salmon and trout preservation, E. Horsfall Turner and Dr. Pryce-Tannatt. The price is 2s. 6d. for this admirable double number.

R. C. E.

written about a family living in the Connecticut woods and rasping so pitilessly on each other's nerves that the strain is communicated to the reader. This is a first novel and an immensely effective one although keyed to such a high pitch that one wonders what the author's next choice of theme will be and whether it would not gain from a lessening of tension.

MALMAISON ROSES (Blackwood. 15s.) is in complete contrast: a quiet and mannerly novel in the course of which an old French lady re-lives her memories and, in so doing, helps to resolve the problems of a young and highly contemporary trio. Mrs. Dorothy Beall Cunningham writes with grace of the Paris and the New York she knows and understands and, unsensationally, makes her people live.

TOO LONG IN THE WEST (Heinemann. 16s.), by Mr. Balachandra Rajan, is a highly amusing and satirical novel of India to-day, written with the highest intelligence and an enviable sense of comedy. The situation which is the basis of the plot is, in itself, infinitely promising. A girl comes home to India after three years in an American university and finds that her father has advertised for suitors for her. The result—chaos, and the end product is a civilised and witty book.

DIAMOND HEAD (Michael Joseph. 21s.) is a novel about present-day Hawaii as Mr. Peter Gilman sees it and, after reading its long, busy, rather excitable narrative it is no surprise to learn that the film rights have already been bought by an American film company who plan to make it one of their major productions. It is, in actual fact, quite a major production in its own right. Very readable, too.

Thrillers of the week which deserve longer notices than these are THE HALF HUNTER (Gollancz. 13s. 6d.), by Mr. John Sherwood, about beatniks in a Worthing-like seaside resort and NEW PEOPLE AT THE HOLLIES (Hodder and Stoughton. 12s. 6d.), by Mrs. Josephine Bell, about a home for very exceptional old people. Both these are English and absolutely first class.

Vernon Fane

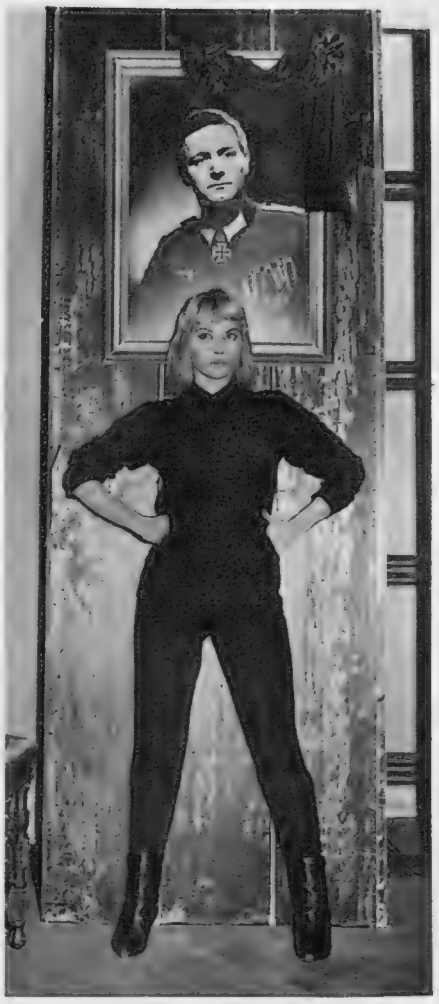
FARMHOUSE AND COTTAGE

The layman or amateur is usually at sea with a textbook. Professional terms and jargon are Greek to him and if he is to acquire some knowledge of the subject, it must be translated for him by an interpreter who reads the "original Greek" and converts it into current English. Mr. M. W. Barley in his THE ENGLISH FARM HOUSE AND COTTAGE (Routledge and Kegan Paul. 35s.) has shewn his awareness of this difficulty and has given us a textbook without tears. Hitherto the Great House and the Churches have had it all their own way. But the humble out-number the illustrious, and it is the way in which the common man lived over the centuries which even more concerns the historian. Before the reign of Henry VIII, domestic comfort was unknown, even to the few. Security was the first consideration for the few, primitive shelter from the elements for the many—for man and his beasts. The great change to comfort over self-protection is best illustrated in the evolution in small-houses in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

A sense of security is the vital impetus to culture. The standards of comfort and taste of the Roman villa and even of the guard-house in Britain were lost for twelve centuries after that security was withdrawn. A barn-like structure, with a living-room and a hedged-off work-room (store, dairy, brewery or private quarters for the master), gave place gradually to flooring, stairs, gallery and cellarage. Stone and brick replaced wattle and daub and timber frame. Light and air were let in, even if sunshine was still sacrificed to the logistics of transport and water.

Some of the cottages and farms of that period still survive, almost all of them much altered, and Mr. Barley has examined them with a more scientific probe than ever before, from dusty parchment conveyances and inventories, contemporary plans and charts, and through the eye of the camera; and for the most ignorant layman his textbook is a thing of delight and sustained interest, a book to keep and consult, an inducement to amateur sleuthing during country walks.

John Gore



Leni (Diane Cilento) in a scene from *Altona*

Franz, the elder brother (Kenneth Haigh)

Johanna (Claire Bloom) takes the key to the attic from Leni

ALTONA

at the Royal Court Theatre

Jean-Paul Sartre's play about present-day Germany was titled for its original production in Paris in 1959, *Les Séquestrés d'Altona*—"the people who live in private cells" in Altona, a part of Hamburg. It is a common joke in Germany that Altona means All Too Near. That in a sense is the point of Sartre's play, concerned with the bestiality in wartime of the present century and mankind's ability to possess a conscience and yet bear the guilt of those crimes. The framework of the play is made up of the properties of melodrama and thriller, on which is erected a complicated cladding of philosophical and epigrammatic thought. It is set in the mansion of a shipbuilding family. The father grew rich under Hitler but is now dying of throat cancer. At a family meeting he tells his younger son, Werner, and Johanna, Werner's wife, that they will live in the mansion after his death. It becomes clear that the reason for the father's command is the presence of his elder son, Franz, in the house. He has remained hidden for fourteen years, still in his Nazi uniform, and recording his confessions on a tape-recorder for posterity, which he sees all too clearly as a race of crabs looking at him from the ceiling of his attic. His only visitor is his sister, Leni, who is in love with him. The intervention of Johanna brings him downstairs, and father and son are left to confront each other. A play glittering with questions, *Altona* is impossible to summarise. In John Berry's production against chilling sets by Sean Kenny, Kenneth Haigh as Franz gives a highly-acclaimed and powerful performance.

Leni swears on the family bible watched by Werner (Nigel Stock) and the father (Basil Sydney)

LEADERS OF BRITISH INDUSTRY

Photographed by Tom Hustler

J. W. Thornycroft

Mr. John W. Thornycroft, C.B.E., the Chairman and Managing Director of John I. Thornycroft and Co., Ltd., studies a blueprint in his office at the firm's headquarters in Smith Square, London. The bearer of a renowned name in shipbuilding, Mr. Thornycroft is the grandson of Sir John I. Thornycroft, who established the family business at Chiswick in 1864. Since that date the firm has expanded greatly, with new yards at Southampton and on the Upper Thames. Mr. Thornycroft was also chairman of Transport Equipment (Thornycroft) Limited until its recent sale. John Ward Thornycroft was born in 1899. He was educated at the Royal Naval Colleges at Osborne, Dartmouth and Keyham, and at Trinity College, Cambridge. On passing out from Dartmouth in 1915, he joined H.M.S. *Canada* and saw war service in various ships, including the submarines G.10 and G.12. He left the Navy with the rank of lieutenant-commander in 1920 and joined the family firm, starting in the machine shops at Basingstoke. Later, as part of his duties on the administrative side of the business, he visited the overseas branches in Australia, New Zealand, China, India, Brazil, Argentina, Singapore and Egypt. Mr. Thornycroft became successively sales director, joint managing director, managing director, and, last year, chairman. He is a member of the Institution of Mechanical Engineers and the Royal Institution of Naval Architects, and is a Master Mariner. Outside business his interest is agriculture. At Steyne, Bembridge, he takes an active part in running the model farm and cattle-breeding which were started by his grandparents. In his younger days, Mr. Thornycroft played Rugby. He is a good shot. But like every other member of the Thornycroft family, his chief interest lies in boats. He has been a member of the Bembridge Sailing Club on the Isle of Wight since 1920. Mr. Thornycroft is married and has a son and a daughter

OIL v. COAL: THE NEXT ROUND

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

How will Mrs. 1970 react to the 1961 tax on heating oil? In other words, is the duty on kerosene and fuel oils that the Chancellor imposed a fortnight ago likely to stem the pace of conversion to central heating with oil? Opinions in the trade were mixed immediately after the tax was put on. Some people felt that the amount it might add to home heating bills—say £3-£4 a year—might just tip the careful householder, who was considering central heating, into using gas or even one of the more efficient solid fuel boilers that are coming on to the market, as against oil. Others argued that a few pounds a year would be unlikely to make much difference; it is the capital cost of central heating that bulks largest in the householder's mind and that, if he is prepared to settle for the somewhat higher initial investment required for oil, he may not be so worried about counting pennies on running costs.

My own opinion, personal rather than professional, as a householder who has just put in central heating, inclines to this latter view. The capital cost is a significant item; so is the layout of the house and the space one has convenient for storage of fuel. In a business where two reputable heating engineers' estimates for the same job can vary by hundreds of pounds, a few pounds either way on annual heating bills logically or not seem hardly relevant. The latest figures we have for consumption of oil in home central heating, incidentally, are nearly half as high again as twelve months before: this is certainly a booming little business. Even if the new duty should tip the balance a little against oil for a year or so, one has to bear in mind those cuts in surtax; in 1962-63, at any rate, quite a number more ladies will be able to think about being Mrs. 1970's.

Nothing was odder about this new duty upon heavy oils burned in Britain in this year's Budget than the timing of it. Two years ago, when coal consumption in Britain was still dropping away radically, and huge stocks were accumulating although many less efficient collieries were being closed down, the miners' union was making a great deal of propaganda for a duty on fuel oil to protect coal produced in Britain against the competition of oil that has to be imported.

But since then consumption of coal has increased quite sharply; after three years in which the amount used had come down by 33,000,000 tons a year, in 1960 consumers burned about 9,000,000 tons more than in 1959. It may be, certainly, that the decline has set in again, though it is difficult to be sure: moreover, production in most industries, which set the pace in the country's fuel consumption, has been slightly down in the last month or two. Even so, it was odd at this late juncture to have put a protective duty on oil.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Minister of Power, during the Budget debate, were indeed at pains to argue that this duty had been put on simply to raise money, not to protect coal. Mr. Lloyd had a stern Budget in mind, and wanted to find extra revenue: twopence a gallon on something of which consumption was rising so rapidly looked a good buoyant bet for the tax-gatherer. Mr. Richard Wood, Minister of Power, argued that similar duties in Germany had not checked the rise in the use of oil very much. The spokesmen of the oil industry were scornful of these soothing denials; incidentally or not (and they believed not), it imposed an extra cost on their successful competition against a fuel that consumers appeared not to prefer, which made a certain amount of nonsense of the Minister's repeated remarks about not interfering with consumers' free choice of fuels.

What had, in fact, been happening in this competition of oil versus coal? Broadly, one could say that in fields where they can be substituted easily oil was still making big inroads into coal markets; coal's recovery in the last year or two had been in relatively safe markets where oil cannot compete or has limits to its possible substitution. Among general industrial consumers, the use of oil went up by nearly a quarter last year, as against a very slight fall in the amount of coal they used. It was in the coke ovens making metallurgical coke for the steel industry and in the power stations that the coal industry sold its big extra tonnages—and even in the power stations, while coal went up 11 per cent., oil sales rose nearly a third. They are, however, only a fraction of the amount of coal used to generate electricity: the Central Electricity Generating Board uses about twice as much coal in a week as it uses oil in a month.

Taking its 1960 consumption as a guide, the Petroleum Information Bureau has calculated that the public electricity supply system would have to pay about £10,500,000 a year in duty on oil. Oddly enough, its competitor gas, which has also been using increasing amounts of oil and has actually reduced its consumption of coal steadily over recent years, will not have to pay any duty at all. The duty is levied on all hydrocarbon oils used for burning. Gasworks convert the oil that they buy into gas without actually burning it; so the oil that they use is classed as a chemical raw material, not a fuel at all.

This rather odd anomaly seems to have been largely accidental. The form of duty imposed this year is the same as was levied on oil up to 1947; at that time there was little competition between oil and coal in gas manufacture, apart from the use of a little oil to enrich some of the water-gas made from coke for use at peak periods. In the last five or six years, however, the gas industry has been seeking to use more and more oil, plus liquified petroleum gases and "tail" gases from refineries—anything to escape from the relentless upward pressure on costs that came from continued increases in coal prices.

Before this duty of just under £2 a ton was put on, fuel oil in areas fairly close to refineries cost £11 15s. a ton at scheduled prices, against about £5 a ton for the pithead price of general industrial coals, to which one would have to add perhaps 10s. to £1 a ton for transport charges. Since the heat value of a ton of oil is in practice comparable to about 1½-2 tons of coal, it will be seen that at scheduled prices oil was still somewhat dearer. But many customers for fuel oil will not have been paying the full price for it; and some of them, by the same token, hope not to have to pay the whole amount of the new duty.

A large tanker alongside the jetty of the new BP Angle Bay terminal at Milford Haven, in South Wales

With the world surplus of oil that has developed in recent years, there has equally developed very bitter competition in the commercial and industrial markets for most kinds of oil. Demand has been rising fast, but not as fast as the amounts of oil available; and the established oil companies in Britain, seeking to tempt more and more customers to switch, have been joined by some newcomers from abroad who have not previously sold oil in Britain. The result, for the astute customer, has been a "dutch auction" in the effective price that he has had to pay; in a very large number of cases, he has been offered or has been able to exact discounts below the published price for fuel oil, petrol, and some other petroleum products.

"Rebating" has long been an established practice in the oil industry; the oil refiner is more concerned with the total profit that he can get from all the wide range of products that he sells than with the profit on each particular one of them, and is under pressure to keep his expensive plant operating at as high a rate as he can. In practice, quite a number of customers have been able to get their oil for a price fully comparable with that of coal, particularly since the last substantial increase in coal prices last autumn. If one can get a convenient fuel at the same price as a dirty and inconvenient one there is every incentive to switch.

Because of that flexibility in prices that oil salesmen have displayed in the past, customers may be hoping that the suppliers may, to some extent, "absorb" this tax—as they have in some other countries. If that is so, the oil companies will have to accept a reduction in their profit margins, but ought to be able to reduce the effect that the increase in price has in checking the growth of oil consumption. With any demand that has been expanding as impressively as this one during the last decade, a businessman will be anxious to maintain momentum. Whether the oil companies will feel they can afford to accept even lower margins on their fuel oil remains to be seen; but one would be very surprised, even now, to see any real check to Britain's expansion of the use of oil.

ADOLF MORATH PHOTOGRAPHS

BRITISH INDUSTRY *Fort Dunlop, Birmingham*

The Dunlop Rubber Company grew up with the bicycle and motor industries and still makes tyres for anything that runs on wheels. But to-day its products include practically everything else which is made of rubber, natural or synthetic. These range from linings for huge reservoirs to tiny washers, with, in between, articles like aircraft gun-firing systems, golf balls, and fishing tackle. Dunlop also supplies polyvinyl acetate, the base for emulsion paints; floor tiles and other sheet flooring materials; chemical adhesives and compositions; and is the largest manufacturer of some types of boots and shoes in Britain.

The main manufacturing centre is at Fort Dunlop, a 260-acre plant on the outskirts of Birmingham. No one seems to know for certain how it got its name. The most popular theory in the company is that it was dreamt up by an advertising copywriter: " Fort Dunlop—the stronghold of the tyre industry." In the early days of Dunlop, most of the company's activities were concentrated there. Among the discoveries made at the factory was that of latex foam cushioning, sold under the name of Dunlopillo. Nowadays, Fort Dunlop is chiefly a tyre factory, making well over 1,000 different sizes and types, ranging from small tyres taking a few minutes to build, to giant earthmover tyres, which take a week and cost £1,000.

But it remains the technical headquarters for all Dunlop's operations throughout the world. Adjoining is a large research centre, the headquarters of research for the whole group. And it contains the rapidly-growing Chemical Products Division and a synthetic

(*Continued on page 223*)

A cylinder of unvulcanised rubber tyre casing, called a " green," is placed in the vacuum press. When the press is closed, a heavy airbag is forced through the hole in the lid of the press into the tyre. The airbag is inflated and the air is extracted from the press so that the resulting vacuum makes the casing assume approximately the shape of the finished tyre

Left: A pneumatic ram is used to force the heavy airbag into the vacuum press and into the " green." Many of the larger tyres made at Fort Dunlop are shaped by this method. Most of the smaller tyres are shaped and moulded in one automatic operation

The shaped "green" is removed from the vacuum press. It then goes to a mould for vulcanising, transforming the soft uncured rubber into a tough, elastic substance

The Crown-overlap building machine in operation. **Left:** A sheet of bias-cut rubberised fabric is run onto the machine. Under this method, the edges of the fabric are joined at the crown (under the tread) instead of finishing at the bead wires. **Centre:** When the rubberised casing fabric has been laid on the cylindrical former it is in the shape of a tube. The steel bead wires are then placed in position on the tube some distance from each end, and these ends are folded back to overlap in the centre at the crown. This is done by blowing up the ends of the cylindrical former with compressed air and rolling the casing into place. **Right:** The operator rolls down the tread to ensure it is stuck to the casing

"Green" car-tyre casings are placed in a modern Bagomatic mould, which carries out the whole of the moulding operations automatically. As the top half of the mould closes, like a watchcase, a bladder inside the casing inflates, forcing it into shape. The required heat and pressure are then applied. **Below:** The vulcanised casing is about to be ejected from the Bagomatic press. As the centre spindle, bearing the now deflated bladder, is withdrawn, the tyres are retained on levers and tipped on to a conveyor belt. Automatic moulding for car tyres has been used at Fort Dunlop for some time. Similar machines are now being employed successfully in manufacturing truck tyres

A large earth-mover tyre is sprayed chiefly to obliterate the many chal

Mr. Bill Bowyer, manager of Dunlop's earthmoving tyre department, inspects a new 27·00-33 cover, of the type fitted to the vehicles which are used for building roads or airfields. It weighs 1 ton, costs £1,000, and contains enough nylon to make 10,000 pairs of stockings

Right: A car tyre is tested for roundness. Some modern cars are sensitive to very slight degrees of ellipticity

ith black paint. This is done
dentification marks it has acquired

Inner tubes are tested for leaks. The metal grid will be lowered, pushing the tubes into the water. If any tube bubbles, it is rejected. All tubes are tested in this way before leaving the production shop

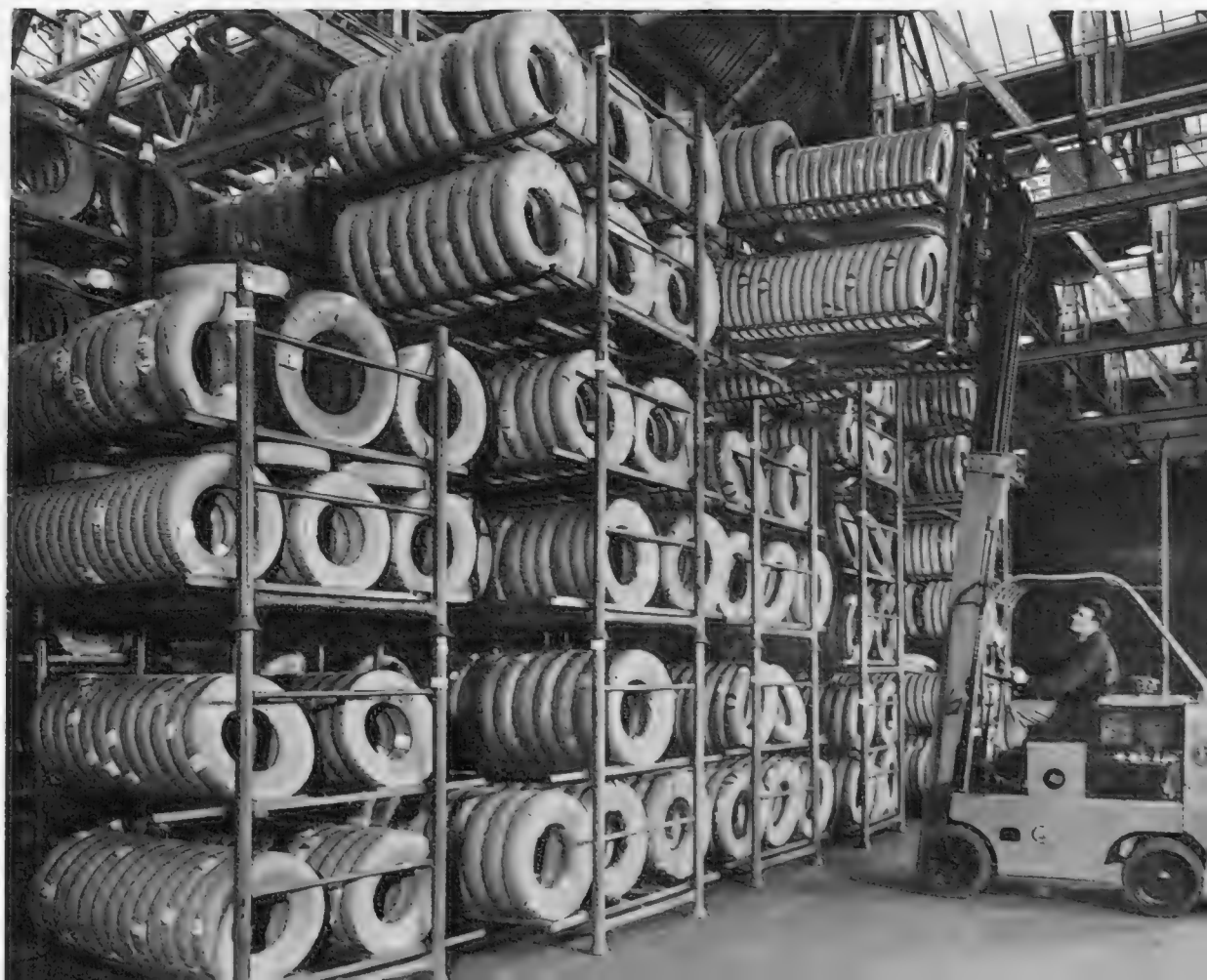
FORT DUNLOP

(*Continued from page 220*)

rubber plant. Fort Dunlop has the largest machine shop of any tyre manufacturer in the world. All told, there are 10,000 employees at the factory. Some of these are " staff " and work from 8.30 to 5; many of them are operatives who work on a three-shift system. Six hundred make and sell fine elastic yarn used in corsets and elastic-topped socks.

It is not only in its products that Fort Dunlop has made its mark. The factory has been one of the leaders in management and industrial health and welfare. Joint Consultation was started forty years ago. There are extensive playing fields. The Sports and Social Club has thirty sections, ranging from a dramatic club to an anglers' club. The factory contains all the facilities that such a large, modern industrial nexus should contain—its own surgery, fire station, power house, canteens, theatre, and 4½ miles of railway sidings.

Part of the car-tyre store at Fort Dunlop. By racking the wrapped tyres on pallets and using fork-lift trucks, any batch can be extracted quickly. The value of finished goods in stock at any one time runs into several million pounds



INDUSTRY AND THE STOCK MARKET

PACKAGE DEAL

By "THE SPHERE" CITY CORRESPONDENT

Sir Eric Bowater, chief of the Bowater Paper Corporation, Britain's biggest paper-making group with assets of more than £190,000,000, has recently disclosed that sales last year were 21 per cent. higher than in 1959 at £142,000,000. Despite heavier production costs—wages, materials, distribution—profits were a record level of nearly £23,500,000 against £20,000,000 in the previous year. To some extent, said Sir Eric, technical improvements offset the bigger expenses but the increased profit was mainly due to the step up in sales. A few weeks earlier, Mr. C. Snelling, head of the Inveresk Paper Company, and Mr. L. W. Farrow, Chairman of Associated Paper Mills, had also reported bumper profits with mills working flat out and production at peak levels. Last year was in fact one of the best the British paper-making industry has ever experienced with output on average more than 10 per cent. above that of 1959. The busiest sections were probably those making building board, with newsprint not far behind. Productive capacity began to be enlarged on a major scale during the 1955 boom and this foresight by the leaders of the industry is now paying off.

In the past few months there have been several merger and selling off operations by the big groups to strengthen their positions as European competition becomes more insistent. The British-American Tobacco Company, one of the world's biggest cigarette-makers, has formed a new company with Wiggins Teape and Company, the important paper group whose headquarters is one of the most unusual and attractive new blocks in the City. The two companies are to merge some of their overseas paper-making interests in the new organisation and British-American Tobacco is to invest £5,400,000 in Wiggins Teape, giving it an 11 per cent. stake in the Ordinary capital. Albert E. Reed, another major paper group with assets of nearly £60,000,000, has recently completed a complicated transaction with the Daily Mirror group whereby it has acquired from the Mirror control of Anglo-Canadian Pulp and Paper Mills and Imperial Paper Mills, leaving the Mirror with a majority of its own shares. Alders (Tamworth) has linked with the Alliance Box Company of Warrington, and a new factory is being built at Tamworth, Staffs.

The Bowater group, under Sir Eric's dynamic direction, has grown incredibly fast, with profits rising by 60 per cent, over the past five years. It has paper-making interests in Britain, Canada, America, Scandinavia, Australia and South Africa and has a productive capacity of nearly 2,000,000 tons a year, making it one of the world's biggest paper companies. Besides its important newsprint interests, it makes building board, fibre drums, paper sacks, bags and packing papers. Through its association with Scott Paper Company of America it is a major manufacturer of household tissues. It has its own fleet of eleven ocean-going cargo ships engaged in carrying most of its raw materials and finished products about the world and its own fleet of heavy lorries.

The Albert E. Reed group claims to be the major supplier in Britain of the most comprehensive range of paper, paper board and packaging products. Over the last five years it has been spending some £25,000,000 on new plant, most of which has come from its own resources. It is due to report this month on its trading year up to the end of last March, and it will be surprising if the trading profits are far short of a record £8,000,000. Wiggins Teape specialises in ledger, typewriting, drawing and stamp and cheque paper, and it is the only maker of photographic base paper in the Commonwealth. Its mills and factories are scattered throughout the country and there are twenty-eight overseas distribution centres. In association with the National Cash Register Company of America it makes a " No Carbon Required " paper for typists. Output and sales last year were at record levels with profits before tax at £5,900,000 against £4,475,000.

The Inveresk Paper Company is still expanding and at present has commitments valued at about £1,700,000, besides other plans involving substantial amounts under consideration. Profits in the current year are running at about the same level as a year ago. E. S. and A. Robinson, of Bristol, is also proposing to spend heavily on new plant. It has raised about £5,000,000 from shareholders by a " rights " issue of new shares. It is busily engaged in making everything paper from cartons and bags to drinking cups and adhesive tape, as well as having important lines in printing and printing machines.

Spicers, which is among the oldest paper firms in Britain, last year sold a subsidiary, British Waxed Wrappings, to Wiggins Teape for £3,000,000, most of which has now been spent on taking over other paper companies. Pre-tax profits last year are expected to have reached £900,000, and there are confident hopes that there will be a dividend increase over last year's 10 per cent. The only shadows on the immediate outlook for the paper industry are the effects of lower prices for imported paper, following the " Outer Seven " tariff cut last July and a steady pressure on production costs. But with demand for paper expected to continue rising throughout the world, most of the industry's leaders remain fairly confident. Shares of Bowater yielding 4.5 per cent. and Albert E. Reed yielding 5·6 per cent., seem particularly attractive.

GOOD LIVING

By Ganymede

Lucky is the student of Claret. His interest need never flag, so vast is the field he can explore and study. He has only to consider the number of worthwhile growths—there are far more than the classified ones of the Médoc—the different vintages of each, with their different inherent qualities and capabilities of development, and it becomes obvious that the potential for pleasurable exploration and experience is almost inexhaustible. Provided that he has frequent access to old and rare vintages to taste he can go on enjoying himself as long as he lives. Not all of us have the financial resources, or suitable cellars to become collectors of rare and precious wines but, fortunately, claret addicts like all wine-lovers are sociable, gregarious and generous, and their enjoyment is enhanced by sharing it with others.

Recently I had such a happy experience when I was lunching, in his office, with a friend who is a wine shipper in the City. We had a Pommery and Greno as an aperitif, and a very agreeable Chevalier Montrachet " Les Demoiselles " 1955 with the smoked salmon. With the meat course I was offered three most interesting clarets, and it was very enjoyable to compare them and assess them, sipping from three glasses in turn. They were Château Marquis the Terme (4th growth Margaux) 1955, Château Lafite 1950 and Château Latour 1947. All three were château bottled and had been decanted.

The first is an excellent curtain-raiser. It is a very good fourth growth of its commune of a recent good year and had the lightish body, soft elegance and subtle bouquet of its breed. The great Lafite was well up to the tremendous reputation of this famous Château, whose wine is regarded as the leader of the Médoc. It is sparklingly bright, great, but not overpowering; perfectly smooth with an exceptionally elegant bouquet. Château Latour is the nearest rival to Lafite among the first growths of Pauillac, another great but, in this case, much more robust wine. This was a really big wine, with plenty of body, perfect balance and, if I can use the term of a Médoc, a great richness. Its bouquet was tremendous, yet not lacking in finesse a mighty climax.

At the Bulgarian wine-tasting in London, Mr. Zdravtchev, Counsellor at the Bulgarian Legation, is poured a glass of wine by his daughter. Centre is Mr. Zenguilekov, the Bulgarian Minister

For the average person such wines can only be regarded as something to enjoy for special occasions, but the market for good, sound table wines is expanding as more and more people take to drinking wine with their food. In many cases of general names covering certain districts the demand is so great that, inevitably, as there are bound to be unscrupulous people in every walk of life (even in the wine trade) much more wine is sold under such names than the districts can produce. There must be a great deal of inferior wine masquerading under the honest name of Beaujolais, for instance. The wine of this region is very popular, for it is sound, warming, goes well with food, inexpensive, and can and, in fact, should be drunk young. (I enjoyed a bottle of Château de Julienas 1960 a few weeks ago, which was very drinkable.)

The recent tasting of nine Beaujolais wines offered to members of its Wine Mine Club by Peter Dominic Ltd., can be regarded with thorough approval. It went to demonstrate clearly just how good these wines can be, and what variety can be found among the different growths within a price range from 8s. 6d. (Beaujolais 1957) to the exquisite Brouilly, Château de Pierreux 1957 at 15s. 6d. I was most interested in comparing two vintages 1957 and 1959 of Château de Julienas, which sell at 11s. and 11s. 6d. respectively.

It is not surprising that with the consumption of the really cheap table wines increasing, fresh sources of supply must be found. The directors of GEVSO Limited can be congratulated for being the first to introduce Bulgarian wines to this country, as soon as this became possible on the signing of a new trade agreement. Three of these wines were shown at a tasting attended by the Bulgarian Minister in London, and commendably, they are to be marketed under their own names (not dubbed as Bulgarian hock, claret, etc., which could only be misleading). Grozden, a dry, light wine which will quench a thirst admirably, Trakia, a red, very light in colour and body, dry and slightly fruity, and Gamza, the other red, with slightly less fruitiness but a little more body. For immediate drinking they are good value at 7s. 6d. a bottle.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

MOTORING

THREE BETTER VERSIONS

Improvements to three well-known cars; a visit to Renault in France

By **COURTENAY EDWARDS**

I have news of major improvements to three famous European cars: Sunbeam Rapier, Aston Martin DB4 and Citroen DS 19. The rally-bred Rapier has been given a new engine: the 1,592 c.c. unit developed for the Sunbeam Alpine sports two-seater. With an aluminium cylinder head, twin carburetters and a compression ratio of 9.1 to 1, it develops 80.25 b.h.p. at 5,100 r.p.m. compared with 78 at 5,400 in the case of the Rapier's old 1,494 c.c. unit.

Acceleration is crisper and the increased torque enables the Rapier to pull away better from low speeds. This disc-braked car's excellent road-holding is further improved by the use of a stronger anti-roll bar. These refinements are offered for a price increase of £14 (to £999 17s. on the saloon and £1056 10s. for the convertible).

Effortless cruising at 120 m.p.h. is now possible (if you can find the right roads) on the Aston Martin DB4 saloon, for a Laycock overdrive is now offered as an optional extra. It permits the use of a lower final-drive ratio and gives a top speed of 147 m.p.h. at 5,750 r.p.m. Other improvements to this high-performance, £3,968 car include a better heating and demisting system, screen wipers that work efficiently at 120 m.p.h., a new silencing system, improved sound insulation and a trafficator switch combining the functions of headlamp dipping and flashing.

The DS Citroen, famous for its self-levelling air suspension, extensive use of hydraulics and advanced styling, has been given a little more power. It has been done by increasing the compression of its 2-litre, 4-cylinder engine from 7.5 to 1 to 8.5 to 1, and the use of premium fuel is recommended. Power output has been stepped up from 75 to 83 b.h.p. at 4,500 r.p.m.

A new type of dome-topped piston is used. The twin-choke Weber carburetter has been modified and the clutch has been improved. Fully-reclining seats with easy finger-tip control of the spring-loaded adjustment system are fitted as standard and can be obtained with the excellent Belbrace safety harness. The belt and shoulder straps disappear inside the seat when not in use and ingenious inertia reels make it possible for occupants of seats equipped with Belbrace to have unusual freedom of movement when wearing the harness. The DS costs £1,695 9s.

I was not surprised to learn, during a recent visit to the bustling Renault factories in France, that sales of imported cars in that country have increased at least five-fold since the French Government reciprocally abolished import restrictions at the end of 1959. In that year only 10,000 imported cars were sold in France. In 1960 the total jumped to 25,000 and this year the figure is expected to reach 50,000 or 60,000 (which would be 10 per cent. of the domestic market). Last year Germany sold 12,000 cars in France (mostly Fords and Opels) followed by 7,600 by Italy (mostly Fiats) and 3,600 by Britain (mostly sports cars).

I was disappointed Britain's share was so small but a Frenchman pointed out that the total value of our car sales in France was relatively much greater than is suggested by the bare figures of cars sold. I was told, too, that the leading British firms are doing much to strengthen the sales organisations which they have in France.

Talking to leading Renault executives, I sensed a feeling that the recession last winter, when they had to get rid of 3,000 workers and cut the working week from 48 to 45 hours, had given the management a bit of a shock and that the Régie's production policy has been carefully overhauled. They are in future intending to keep a much closer check on the short-term demand for cars in the international markets and will regulate output accordingly. There is a realisation that the seller's market has gone, probably for good, and in consequence there will be no more large-scale stockpiling.

Renault have made a good recovery from the winter troubles and their current production, 2,200 vehicles a day, is as good as a year ago. Their main product is the 845 c.c., rear-engined Dauphine, which is made in various forms (including the Floride coupe and the lively Gordini) but the 750 Renault is still made in limited numbers on the Ile Seguin at Billancourt. It is rumoured that this will be replaced later this year by a small front-wheel-drive model using the same 750 c.c. engine.

I was most impressed by the Renault plant at Flins, close to the Seine and some twenty-five miles south-west of Paris. Here, in a factory which probably has more up-to-date automation than any other car plant in the world, the Dauphines are built. At last year's production peak the plant daily produced body elements for 2,000 Dauphines, of which 1,200 were assembled at Flins, 300 at Billancourt and 500 in various countries abroad. The Flins plant, built ten years ago in a peaceful Seine valley, has nearly eight miles of overhead conveyors, 8,000 employees (out of a Renault total of 57,000) and 120 presses ranging in capacity from 150 to 1,200 tons.

Renault is the third biggest car-building firm in Europe. Last year it produced 484,174 cars compared with 229,341 by Citroen, its biggest French rival. The Régie is state-owned; is run (on impressively commercial lines) by a modestly-paid genius of a civil servant named Pierre Dreyfus; shares its annual profits equally between the Government and the workers and keeps free of serious strikes by a policy of letting the workers know what is going on—and why.

I should not so much have minded the Budget increase of £2 10s. in the annual road tax on cars if the Chancellor had, at the same time, reduced the tax on the smallest cars by a similar amount. I know it can be argued that big cars pay more than the small ones in purchase tax and petrol duty but it does seem unfair and faintly ridiculous that the owner of a Morris Mini-Minor has to pay as much road tax as for a Rolls-Royce, despite the latter taking up nearly twice as much road space.

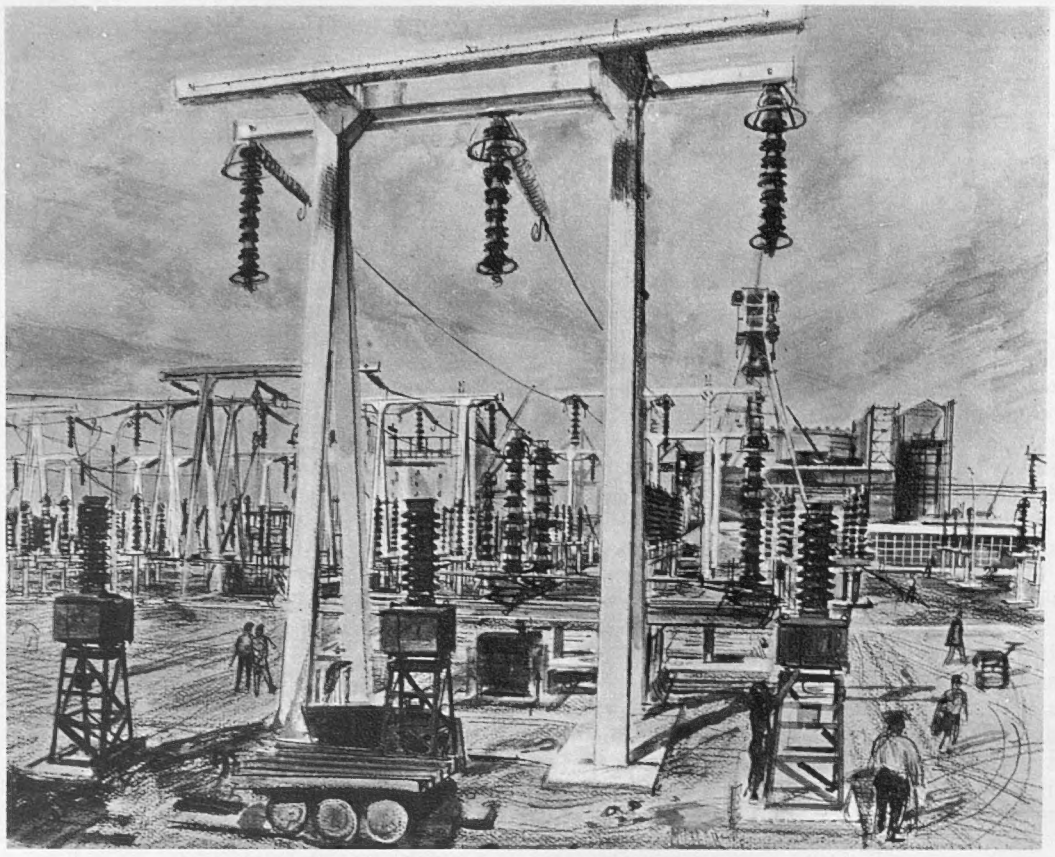
I should like to draw the attention of motorists who intend to go touring in Britain this summer to a couple of things which could make a big contribution to their enjoyment. First, the series of Shell county guides published by Faber and Faber at 12s. 6d. and edited by John Betjeman. I have just been browsing through a selection of the dozen or so guides published in this series and found them fascinating, with an abundance of useful and interesting information and well-chosen maps and illustrations. Those I studied ranged from Devon and Dorset in the south to Northumberland and the West Coast of Scotland; from Shropshire and Mid-Wales over to Norfolk and Suffolk.

My second touring tip is to invest in one or more of the season tickets (7s. 6d. adults, 2s. 6d. children) issued by the Ministry of Works and giving admission to all the ancient monuments in the Ministry's care in England, Scotland and Wales. There are hundreds of them, including places like the Tower of London, Stonehenge, the Palace of Holyroodhouse, Dover Castle and Kew Palace.

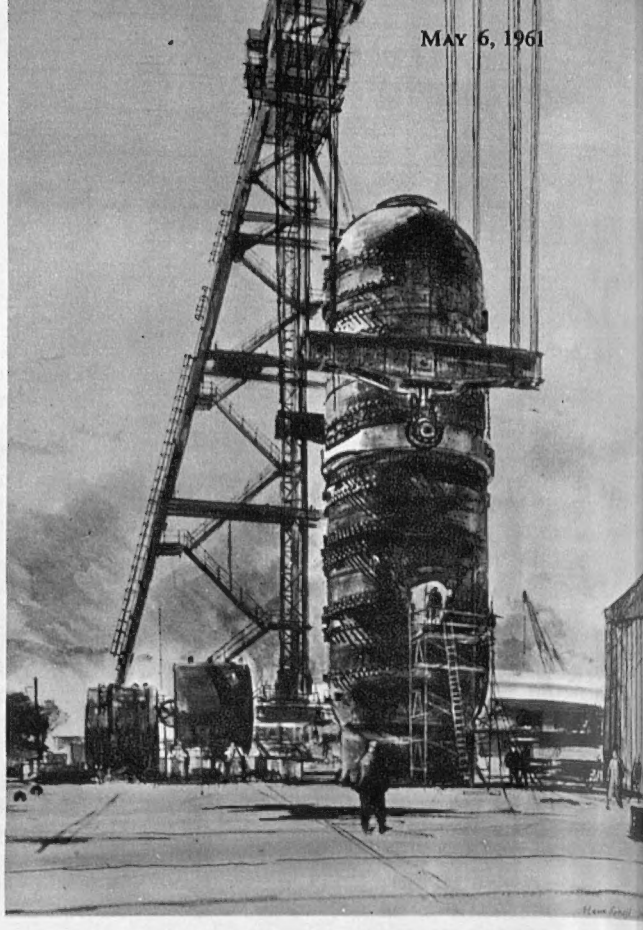
Briefly . . . Class winners in the 1,000-mile, 30 m.p.h. Mobil Economy Run were a Morris Mini-Minor (57.76 m.p.g.), a Wolseley 1500 (48.56), a Standard Ensign (36) and an Austin A99 (37.24) . . . Ministerial approval for 1,200 parking meters at Croydon will increase London's total to 7,850 . . . British exhibits at the British Trade Fair opening in Moscow on May 19 will include two 3.8-litre Jaguars, two Triumph Herald 1200's and a Standard Vanguard Six estate car. . . .

Two views of the new Citroen Ami 6. It has four seats, four doors, independent suspension, a horizontally-opposed 2-cylinder, air-cooled engine of 602 c.c., front-wheel drive, all-synchromesh gearbox, and a top speed of over 60 m.p.h.

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publisher first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 2s. 6d., and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade, or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.



The switch compound from which the electricity produced at Hinkley Point will be fed into the Supergrid



One of the twelve giant heat exchangers

ART IN INDUSTRY

(*Continued from page 208*)

cable bucket to paint the building from the caisson. Mr. Sorrell, who lives in Essex, is fifty-seven. He has works in a number of permanent collections, for instance, the Tate Gallery and the Imperial War Museum. His water-colours of Hinkley Point were shown at the Royal Water-Colour Exhibitions in 1959 and 1960, and at the "Atoms for Peace" Exhibition at Geneva in 1958.

Hinkley Point was the first 500,000-kW. nuclear power station to be started. It is being built for the Central Electricity Generating Board by the English Electric-Babcock and Wilcox-Taylor Woodrow atomic power group. The restoration of Combwich Harbour, which was carried out at a cost of £250,000, has allowed thousands of tons of equipment to be brought by sea so as to avoid road congestion.

By Appointment to Her Majesty the Queen
Suppliers of Domecq Sherry, Luis Gordon & Sons Ltd.

For the discriminating palate . . .

IF you know just how good a Sherry can be . . . if you appreciate the delight of a perfect Fino, exquisite in flavour, just full enough in body, just dry enough for the most discriminating palate, there is no Sherry quite comparable with Domecq's "La Ina".

Remember, Domecq's Sherries are grown and aged in Jerez, Spain. They are among the finest in the world and have been acknowledged as such throughout the centuries.

The finest of Sherries

Domecq's
LA INA
Fino Exquisite Dry

Obtainable through your usual channels of supply.
Sole Importers (Wholesale only) Luis Gordon & Sons Ltd., 12, Hobart Place, London, S.W.1.

Remembering the most popular 'DOUBLE CENTURY' and delicious 'CELEBRATION CREAM' for the sweeter palates

With her kind permission we show the oldest resident in one of our homes. A charming and very active lady of 93.

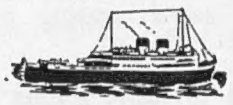
HELP US TO HELP

those who cannot help themselves

Funds are urgently needed to enable us to continue to help our large and ever-increasing family, many of whom are elderly and infirm. They rely on us for temporary or permanent financial assistance in order that they may continue to maintain themselves in their own little homes, for as long as health and strength permit. When this is no longer possible, as many as can be cared for are admitted to the seven nursing and residential homes provided by the Association in London, and different parts of the country. More homes are needed, and will be added as soon as the necessary funds are available.

Distressed Gentlefolk's Aid Association

The General Secretary, Vicarage Gate House, London, W.8



For business friends or clients overseas— what better or more welcome gift?

From all points of view a subscription to "The Sphere" is *just right*! This intensely readable and magnificently illustrated journal is a gift that never misses the mark. Its arrival is looked forward to every week—a pleasant reminder of the giver—and we enclose a card with the first issue giving your name as donor. Subscription rate for 12 months £7. 14. 6. (Canada £7. 0. 6.) *Your regular newsagent or bookstall will arrange a subscription for you. Alternatively you can write to: The Publisher, Ingram House, 13-15 John Adam St., London W.C.2. enclosing remittance.*

Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., Ingram House, 13–15, John Adam Street, London, W.C.2, and Printed in England by MARTLET PRESS LTD., 88–94, Old Kent Road, London, S.E.1. SATURDAY, MAY 6, 1961. Second-Class Postage paid at New York, New York.

IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, *Ingram House, 13-15, John Adam Street, London, W.C.2.*

THE MONTHS OF MAY AND OCTOBER are possibly the two best months of the year for a holiday though in our quest for good hotels my wife and I take to the open road at the first portents of Spring.

Our first outing this year was but a " running in " trip of two days—but what a lot can be accomplished in such a short time ! Our first call was at the county town of East Sussex, Lewes. The Assizes had just opened and on such a lovely spring morning we felt sorry for the big wigs and lesser wigs of the Law shut up in a stuffy court. Yet compensation lay in store for them, for immediately opposite is the *White Hart*, one of the best county hotels in the country. The Sheriffs' Room on the first floor used by them during the Assizes makes a charming visitors lounge when the Court is not sitting so on this occasion we repaired for refreshment to the ground floor lounge, a pleasant ante-room leading to a pine-panelled restaurant, which attracts all judges of good food throughout the year.

Famous as the *White Hart* of to-day is for good food and wines, the upstairs has not been neglected. On the contrary, each room has been attractively and individually furnished. Six have their private bathrooms.

Our next call was three miles out of Lewes on the Hastings/Heathfield road, the *Ringmer Hotel* in the village of that name. Early in 1961 this hotel was acquired by the Phillips family (who also own among other catering interests *White Friars Hotel* near Herstmonceux). At the foot of the South Downs, twenty miles from Eastbourne and only one mile from Glyndebourne, the *Ringmer Hotel*, like its near relative, can be relied on for a quiet night's sleep, for a high regard for cuisine and cellar and a pleasant interested staff.

With three-quarters of an hour still in hand before luncheon, our objective was that fascinating downland village of Alfriston. A string of cars parked outside the historic Star Inn (a Trust House) was an index to its popularity, so we decided to push on to one of our recommendations just outside the village, *Dean's Place Hotel*. Alas ! We had overlooked the fact that this most pleasant country house is closed from November to March 29, so being barely four miles from Seaford made for an old Trust House favourite, the *Esplanade*. Meeting unexpectedly friends of long standing in the downstairs bar it was nearly 2 p.m. before we surfaced to the dining-room but we were still able to have and enjoy a cold luncheon. We have always been struck by the brightness and lightness of this Trust House unit.

Our objective for the night was *White Friars Hotel*, near Herstmonceux, on the Hastings/Lewes road which, as mentioned above, is now associated with the smaller *Ringmer Hotel*. This was the first occasion we had stayed at *White Friars* since Mr. and Mrs. Wreford retired and we are delighted to report that the same country house atmosphere remains and the Buttery downstairs is still first class.

Our bedroom No. 4 was one of several with private bathroom and to make the most of it we asked for breakfast in our room, which will long be remembered for the spring sunshine that looked in and the charming garden we looked on to.

There are many places we could agreeably have lunched in Brighton and being well, living but thirty miles westward, will hope to re-sample the Grill Room of the *Royal Albion, English's Oyster Bar and Fish Restaurant* or *Abinger House* Restaurant, one of the Edlin enterprises, before long. On this occasion our objective was the *Bedford Hotel*, where we were fortunate to get a table as a Conference of Civil Servants was filling the hotel. Fortunately, Mr. T. E. Pooley, who was once a ship's purser and accustomed to mounting problems, was, with the help of his restaurant staff, able to fix us up and our luncheon was well worth the short time we had to wait. Since our visit we have heard that Mr. A. J. Morriss, who held the majority shareholding in the *Bedford*, has sold his interest but we understand that the same policy of refinement and excellence will be pursued. We sincerely hope so.

And so home for the week-end, but with springtime so much in the air my wife was taken with the idea that she must have a new Easter bonnet. So on the Tuesday we set course for London where we visited two hotels of entirely different calibre, both of which reflected the Spring. The Bayswater/Lancaster Gate area, in other words the north side of Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens has never until recently been so " U " for first-class hotels as the south side that is Knightsbridge and South Kensington.

An hotel which is in the van of West End standards north of the Park is *White's*, Lancaster Gate, which nowadays has both externally and within the freshness of Spring. We knew the hotel some six years ago soon after the present directorate took over and then the height of our bedroom seemed in excess of its length or breadth. Re-visiting the hotel afresh (my wife resplendent in her Easter bonnet) we were astounded with the progressive rejuvenation of always a handsome house. Every bedroom has now its private bathroom and is furnished with most replete built-in wardrobes; many have balconies overlooking the evergreen of the Park.

Dining there we were most impressed with the decor of the grill-room restaurant, the West End standard of service, cooking and presentation, the whole quietly, shall we say, garnished by a pianist who played softly nostalgic music.

White's, with *The Royal* at Paddington Station, are both top-class hotels. Presently they will be joined by the new Trust House in course of completion near Queen's Road, Bayswater.

Should your needs be satisfied by bed and breakfast accommodation at considerably cheaper price, we were glad to have discovered the thirty-bedroom *Belmont Hotel* in Devonshire Terrace about two blocks behind *White's* off Craven Hill Terrace. Under the same direction as the *Two Bridges Hotel*, Dartmoor, the policy here is to cater for bed and breakfast only, providing afternoon tea or a Danish open sandwich prior or after theatre-time. Here we found a country freshness in the decor of bedrooms, a small cosy breakfast room and a small lounge with television. Bed and breakfast terms are from 25/- with 10 per cent. added in lieu of tips.

BANTRY BAY, Co. Cork. BALLYLICKEY HOUSE
Luxury country hotel in parkland and ornamental gardens facing the sea. Own sea-trout fishing. Sailing. Private bathrooms. French chef. Write G. Graves.

BANTRY BAY, Co. Cork. ARDNAGASHEL HOUSE
25 yards from the sea. An Irish Country-House Hotel in glorious scenery, with goggle - fishing, bathing, sailing, or just eating, drinking and lazing. Write R. Kaulback.

BOURNEMOUTH WEST. BOURNE HALL HOTEL
In a key position for sea, shops and shows and with moderate terms. Private baths, lift, delightful garden, hard tennis courts, billiards. Games Room and Ballroom. Lock-up garages. Tel.: Westbourne 63333.

BOURNEMOUTH. ROYAL BATH HOTEL***
For those who can afford the best in appointments, cuisine, service and situation. Admirably equipped for conferences. Tel.: 25555.

DARTMOUTH, S. DEVON. TOWNSTAL HOUSE HOTEL
beautiful situation, good food, every comfort ; garden produce. A.A., R.A.C. Good Food Guide. Tel.: 421.

Nr. EDINBURGH, Gullane. GREYWALLS
A charming Lutyens house within easy reach of city, facing Muirfield Links. Lovely garden. Tennis court. Interesting catering. Licensed. Tel.: Gullane 2144.

FOLKESTONE, KENT. PRINCES HOTEL
A.A.*** 70 rooms. In the lee of the Leas. Central and sheltered. Attractive residential, holiday or B.B. terms. Fully licensed. Tel.: 2850.

HYTHE, KENT
HOTEL IMPERIAL
Here is a self-contained holiday resort with own golf course, tennis, ballroom, billiards and children's playground. Sea-front position with suites and private bathrooms. Excellent cuisine and service. Lift. Cocktail bar. Tel.: 67441.

KESWICK, Lake District. KESWICK HOTEL
All lakes and mountains easily accessible by car or coach. Swiss cuisine and service. A.A. Four-star and internationally famous. Tel.: 20.

CRAXTON WOOD HOTEL AND CLUB
LEDSHAM, Cheshire
Visitors to Chester or Merseyside, on business or pleasure, note this address for luxurious comfort and country house contentment. Tel.: Hooton 3111.

LONDON, N.W.4. HENDON HALL
First class, 20 mins. West End. Excellent cuisine; fully licensed. Phone all rooms ; suites. Putting, Swimming-pool. Adjoins Golf Club. Sunnyhill 3341.

MULLION, S. Cornwall. POLDHU HOTEL
for summer holidays (mid-week bookings accepted). Overlooking sandy cove. Safe bathing. Holiday Golf. Private Baths. Tennis, Billiards. TV. Fresh farm produce. Licensed. Tel.: 339.

RAVENSCAR, Nr. Scarborough. RAVEN HALL
A self-contained, fully-licensed holiday hotel. Terms from 42s. a day cover use of hotel swimming-pool, Golf, Putting, Tennis, Bowls, Billiards, Dancing (Orchestra), Cinema, TV. Tel.: Cloughton 233.

ST. MAWES, S. Cornwall. HOTEL TRESANTON
Small and first class in a sub-tropical garden setting overlooking sea. Excellent food and service. Club Bar. Open now. Tel.: 322.

SIDMOUTH, Devon. THE BELMONT
First class, fine sea-front position. Noted for catering, refined comfort and unostentatious service. Many bathrooms communicating. Lift. Fully licensed. Tel.: 1555.

SKELMORLIE, Ayrshire. MANOR PARK HOTEL
YOUR SCOTTISH HOLIDAY—visit Ayrshire this year and stay at Manor Park Hotel. Beautiful situation and grounds overlooking the finest panoramic scenery in the Firth of Clyde. High standard of service and cuisine with a luxury note that will appeal to the discriminating. Tel.: Wemyss Bay 3232.

PRESSURE
So much these days is pressurised. Cookers, Aircraft, Salesmanship, as examples. The consequence ? High blood pressure. Before your barometer reaches danger-point, may we adapt the words of one of our best-known broadcasters by saying " Be kind to yourself." Take it easy. Come down for a week or so to
THE GRAND, TORQUAY
where you can enjoy the best National Health tonic in Britain. Relaxation from breakfast in bed to your feet up in our sun lounge. Recreation ? Free golf, squash, tennis, billiards when you feel like it, and a telephone at your bedside if you must keep in touch with the outside world. Tariff with pleasure from the Resident Manager.
Tel.: 25234.
Always a good address whatever the barometer.

TROON. THE MARINE
One of Scotland's finest hotels, facing the Firth of Clyde and near the lovely Burns' country. Modern, luxurious, furnished for ease, comfort, and relaxation. Five famous golf courses, sands, safe bathing. Tel.: 980.

M/T "Loch Eriboll," 197-ft. distant motor trawler for Loch Fishing Company of Hull —on trials, December 1960.

DOWSETT

A sturdy vessel specially designed to withstand the rigour of the Arctic winter

BROOKE MARINE LTD

Established 1874

Builders and Designers of Vessels to the Highest Specifications up to 420 ft. Overall Length

PASSENGER/CARGO VESSELS
TRAWLERS AND WHALE CATCHERS
PATROL AND GUNBOATS
MINERAL RECOVERY VESSELS
BARGES AND DREDGERS
TANKERS AND COLLIERS
MOTOR TORPEDO BOATS
DRY CARGO VESSELS
CUSTOMS, FIRE, POLICE AND AMBULANCE LAUNCHES
REFRIGERATED AND CABLE SHIPS
RESEARCH AND SURVEY SHIPS
MINESWEEPERS AND SALVAGE CRAFT
PILOT VESSELS AND TUGS
LIGHTSHIPS
FAST FERRIES AND COASTERS

SHIPYARDS : LOWESTOFT, SUFFOLK, ENGLAND

Telephone: Lowestoft 1880 (6 *Lines*)

Telegrams: "Brookcraft" Lowestoft